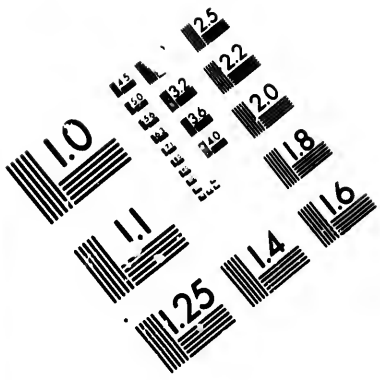

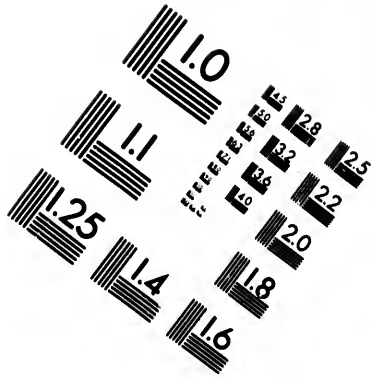

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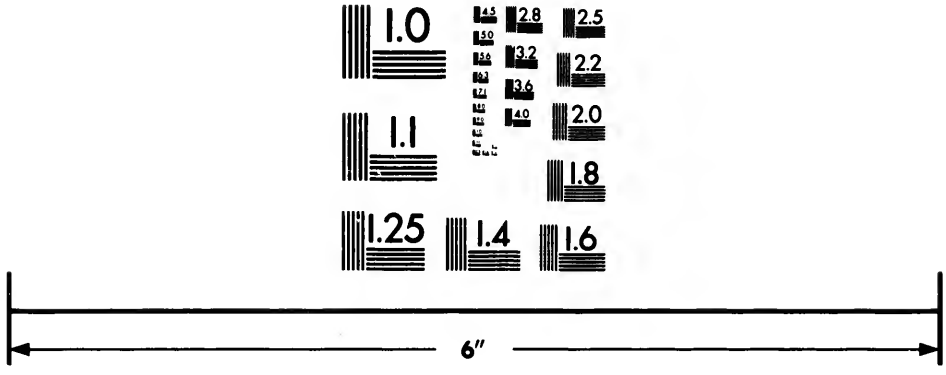

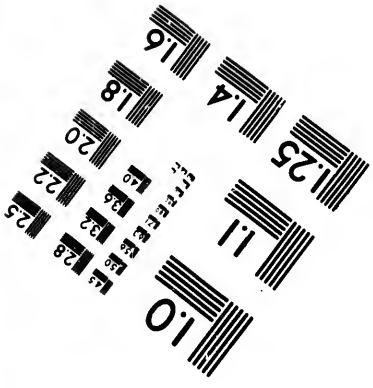

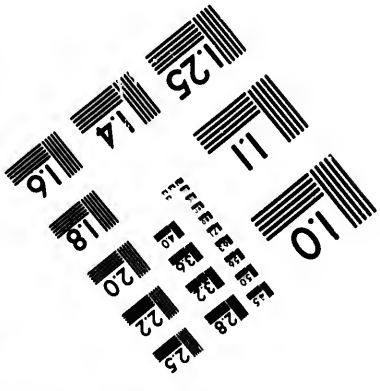

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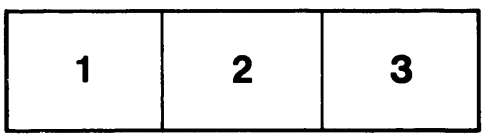

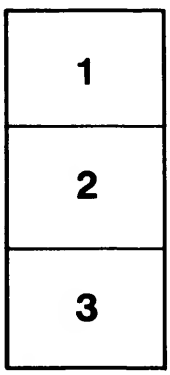

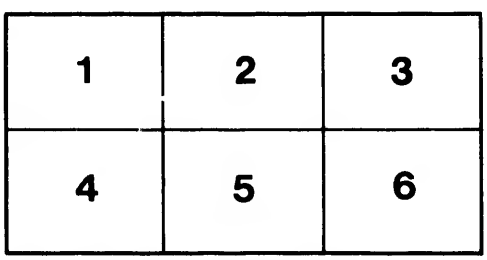

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DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

OF

NOVA SCOTIA,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

Dedicated by permission to Lady MacDonnell.

HALIFAX, N. S.
A. & W. MACKINLAY.
1864.

Registered according to Act of Parliament, in the Provincial Secretary's Office, on the Eighteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-four.

"HALIFAX CITIZEN" CALORIC POWER PRESS,
CITY BUILDING, SOUTH FERRY WHARF, HALIFAX, N. S.

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PREFACE.

Dawson has published in his Acadian Geology the composition of the Nova Scotian Peninsula, and has exhibited her mineral wealth to an admiring public. Haliburton has penned the History of Nova Scotia, and has given publicity to her annals; and Beamish Murdoch is now engaged in preparing a history of the Province from authentic documents recently collected.

The present work is neither a history of Nova Scotia nor an examination of its geological structure; it is a picture in part of Nova Scotia, sketched from Nature, intersperced with some historical and personal allusions connected with the localities. The beauty and sublimity of the scenery, and the richness of the historic lore have summoned forth the power of Auld Scotia's Muse. Acadia resembling it in so many particulars must be as meet a muse for a poetic child as "Caledonia stern and wild."

The object of the work now presented to the generous consideration of the public, is to direct the attention of the *Youth* of Nova Scotia to the beauties of their native land—to an appreciation of its merits—to the inspiring a love of country—not only from its being their Fatherland, but as adorned with the finest finishing which the pencil of nature could impart.

Not unconscious of many defects in her work, a daughter of Acadia offers it to the public as an effort on her part to direct the attention of our youths to the value of home.

HALIFAX, 1864.

SKETCHES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER I.

Leave Halifax July 1860—Dartmouth—Chezzetcook—Source of the Musquodoboit—Gold at Tangier.

"In Westminster Abbey rests the dust of kings, princes and nobles; but side by side with them rests also the dust of men who, although lowly by birth, have made themselves a lasting name. Like these lowly ones, hills, valleys and streams of my loved native land, ye need only to be known in order to have a place assigned you beside the streams, valleys and hills of the most classic lands."

Thus apostrophised my friend, Mr. Andrew Urban, on leaving the city of Halifax in July, 1860, to enjoy a few days fishing in the Musquodoboit.

"Why do not her sons make Nova Scotia better known: for instance, here is my friend, Mr. Urban, who knows the country, the people, even the old settlers and Indians: who better fitted than he to write a book?" I asked.

"Bookmaking is not my forte. Besides it would not pay," he answered.

"But there is the pleasure, Mr. Urban!"

"Oh," said he, "the pleasure of bookmaking is an expensive luxury. Think of the many hours spent in writing; and then the critics, &c., &c. I prefer the pleasure of a drive at early morn through the forest, the music of birds, and to gaze on such a picture as we are leaving behind us. Whoa, whoa, Rosabella!"

The wagon containing the fishing gear of Mr. Urban and his friend, drawn by a steed named Rosabella, stopped, and we looked in the direction indicated by Mr. Urban.

The city was partially hidden in fog: from the Dartmouth side it was rising in thin pale clouds, revealing the harbor, with its islands and numerous vessels. The steamer for England was leaving Cunard's Wharf.

Sloping to the waters are pretty suburban cottages, surrounded by gardens and fields. Above these residences towers the Asylum for the Insane, a large and commodious edifice, standing in an ample enclosure, where the inmates find employment and recreation.

The view is bounded by McNab's Island, and the thick forest which clothes the hill, which rises gently from the harbor.

Beside us lay the town of Dartmouth, the main street thronged with vehicles of every description, containing meat, eggs, butter, vegetables, flowers

and herbs, for the green market; milkwomen, in clean white aprons and old bonnets, rested their large tin cans on the street; French girls chatted over their baskets, while colored *folk* shoved through the crowd, with birch barks resting on their heads, filled with strawberries—all hasting to catch the ferry boat which ran to and from the capital.

A touch from the rein, and Rosabella moved on, but not in the direction she wished to go. "That road," remarked Mr. Urban, "leads to Cole Harbor; the next one to the left is our road."

About a mile from the ferry, after crossing the canal, and along the margin of the first lake, beside which was a small encampment of Indians; we came to it, and from a gentle hill noticed a small and pretty settlement. Several detached farms; a mill, where squalling geese disputed with hungry pigs for corn up hill; starting lazy cattle from their sleeping places; through a miserable settlement of colored people, their log huts perched on the bare rocks. Here is *Deers'*, where the traveller may obtain refreshments. From the swing-sign, with a most imposing inscription, we learnt that "William Deer lives here." We stop a moment at this inn. A smart colored lad gives our horse a pail of water, and we drive along, meeting colored people with pearly teeth and laughing ebon faces, each laden with strawberries.

"These colored people," said Mr. Urban, in reply to a question, "are all that remains of two attempts to colonise the race in Nova Scotia."

First, several thousand insurgents from Jamaica were settled here, after an expense of £46,000 to that colony, and a large sum to the British government; but they were afterwards removed hence to Sierra Leone.

At the close of the last American war many negroes took refuge on board British men-of-war, and were carried to Halifax. A number of them, however, left afterwards for Trinidad.

Several small neat Episcopalian churches were noticed. The road is only a short distance from the sea shore; but thick woods hide the ocean from our view. We skirt the edges of coves and inlets, with their shingly beaches curving in and out between the woody slopes. Here are bare rocks, sweet ferns, brakes, lambkill, and luscious ripe strawberries growing around them. Here are the magnificent blossoms of the moose wood and wild cranberry. From the base of the rock and boulders are seen the shining leaves of the mayflower, which blossoms as soon as the snow is gone. Wild cherry and black berry blossoms are seen amid little poplars crowning the knolls. These pretty aspens show three distinct shades of green, while small spruces and firs exhibit five various shades of color. Then succeed acres of

land covered with heavy woods, while in the back-ground, far far away, long ledges of grey rock touch the borders of cloud-land.

Here is Lake Porter (eighteen miles from the city), with an imposing manse and unfinished kirk, an Episcopal church, and a few small farms nestling around its margin. It is a very quiet spot. The lake is a very pretty sheet of water, and forms the Harbor of Lawrenceton. Although it boasts the name of town, it is in fact but an agricultural district extending on the sea shore from Cole Harbor to Chezzettecook. Lawrenceton contains a large extent of marsh land, with some good uplands. Originally it was laid out in twenty farms, each containing one thousand acres.

One of these old homesteads, surrounded by shady trees, was the birthplace of the gallant Parker, of Crimean memory. There is a fine Presbyterian, as well as a venerable Episcopal, church, in this township. Three Fathom Harbor is a small spot of table land lying between a steep hill and the ocean. It is settled by a few German families, who have turned this pretty and secluded spot into a very garden.

Here also is a small neat Episcopalian church and school house. From a *head*, or mound, facing the sea, you have a fine view of Jeddore Head, an almost perpendicular cliff, as well as of some beautiful islands and sandy beaches.

A short distance from Three Fathom Harbor we have a view of the lower part of Chezzettecook village and harbor. The harbor is a broad sheet of water, dotted with little green islets, which half hide the white-sailed boats and vessels. Beyond these is the deep blue of the Atlantic, bearing on its broad surface many noble vessels, some homeward, others outward bound.

Further up the harbor are groups of people busy digging clams. They are mostly lads and females. They turn up the soft mud with shovels, then pick the clams into baskets and carry them to the shore, wading through the soft ooze a distance of several rods. Further up are two women ditching—throwing the sods from their spades into a cart, which was drawn by a pair of oxen yoked by the horns.

Now we meet groups of black-eyed maidens, knitting in hand, who, by their French speech and antique dresses, remind us that once the lilies of France waved over Nova Scotia. The houses are middling sized, with three windows in front, the interior usually divided into two rooms. Some of the French women are pretty. Their dress is a short sac and striped homespun skirt, a white or black kerchief on their heads. When out of doors, their long black hair is tied down with a band; then it is turned back up over the crown of the head.

forming a stiff roll on the forehead. Above this is tied a small square piece of cotton, covered with many-colored ribbons, feathers, or artificial flowers. The ends of the hair are plaited, and fastened with a bit of ribbon. This head dress, kirtle and skirt, with buskins made of untanned hide, is, doubtless, very like that worn when DeMonts left France, nearly three centuries ago.

Nearing the chapel, we meet the children of the village school. One black-eyed girl, with a white kerchief on her head, shewed us her slate, which contained her lesson neatly written in French. We enter the chapel, which is a commodious building in the form of a cross, enclosed by a substantial white paling. Some very fine paintings—presents from France—adorn it. Several aged women were kneeling when we entered, telling their beads very devoutly. In the rear of it is the village cemetery: and adjoining is the glebe, a very comfortable looking residence.

We climb the hill in rear of the chapel, which is the height of land between the harbor of Chezzettcook and Lake Porter, and are rewarded by a magnificent view of the village and surrounding country. We counted five hundred buildings below us. On the eastern side of the harbor, which is skirted by pale green marshes, several small vessels are building. On an island on this side a number

of brick kilns also give employment to the villagers. The fishing boats were coming in, laden with treasures of the deep; while at the lower end of the Chezzettcook valley the Atlantic rolls its heavy swell, and will continue to roll till that day dawns when there shall be no more sea. On the other hand you saw the smooth expanse of Lake Porter. Here and there a tiny smoke wreath betokened a cottage near its margin. Above these, as far as the eye could reach, naught was visible but the wild woods and the grey rocky barren which in the distance seemed to meet the sky.

We regained the village, and were hospitably treated by a pretty Acadian mother, whose house was a model of neatness. Her children spoke French and English fluently.

"Which way you come?" asked a man with whom we had entered into conversation.

Having satisfied his curiosity, Mr. Urban enquired "where he was born?"

"Here," was his reply; "but my father born at Minas, then settle here."

"So was mine," remarked Mr. Urban, as we left him. "Perhaps my grandsire settled on the farm from which his had been ejected. In my earlier years I have spent hours in listening to my grandfather telling of the hardships of these poor people: not their sufferings *en masse*, but individual trials.

These Acadian French seem to me now like people with whom I am acquainted."

Mr. Urban having promised to tell me some of these tales at a future time, we took a last look at the Acadian village, and regained the highway. Travelling round the head of the *dyke* and a few detached dwellings, we were going over a road canopied by the spreading branches of shady trees, over brooks gurgling round granite boulders. We pass lakes where the white lily peeps through the green leaves, and waving masses of foliage throw their shadows on the water; pass long ledges of grey rock hidden by the wild rose and sweet ferns; pass green mossy swamps, dotted with pale flowers, where moss-bearded old pines and hemlocks throw long sombre shadows. Anon, over some gravelly ridge, where, amid sapling birches, the trembling aspens quiver, and the air is fragrant with resinous aroma from leaves which shade the red-veined mottled pitcher plants, from whose brimming cups the birds drink the clear water. Now slowly up the long hill where robins love to congregate, from whose brow we can see the adamantine hills rise cliff above cliff in solitary grandeur.

Now pass we the 26th mile stone, and Petpeswick river and harbor greet our view. If water ever grew weary, surely this little stream might, as it drives three saw mills, a carding and a shingling machine,

in less than one-half mile; but no—it goes dancing and rippling over the road, to rest in the bosom of a small lagoon which bears on its surface many a wild fowl. But even here it is not allowed to rest, for a canny Scot has dug a channel from the lagoon to Petpeswick Harbor, and there erected his mills and machinery, so that vessels are loaded out of the mills.

From Viewfield, at the head of Petpeswick, a fine *view* is obtained of the clear sparkling waters which lave the green wood-crested islets dotting the harbor, and the very picturesque clearings and dwellings dotting its shores.

A mile from Petpeswick is the mouth of the Musquodoboit. On the bank of the stream, in the midst of spruces, is a small hotel, where we lodged. Not a patch of grass to be seen; nothing but woods, rocks and the river, was visible from the hotel windows.

Several gentlemen were engaged in angling in the *milldam* and the pools in the vicinity of the bridge. Mr. Urban caught a fine salmon. His friend having wearied in waiting for a bite recrossed the bridge, and turned into a path which led up the river. It was covered with soft moss, which also extended up the north side of the trees. The air was fragrant with wild blossoms. The tinkle of a cowbell was audible above the sound of the waterfall.

A few rods from this path a ledge of rocks fell across the stream, rising on the opposite side and forming a steep cliff. The water rolled over these ledges with a pleasant jocund sound. Making our way as best we could through the thicket, we stooped under a windfall, and very unexpectedly stood beside the palings of the village graveyard—a pretty spot which had been chosen as the last resting place of this people. The green bank sloping to the river, whose broad smooth expanse was here seen for some distance. Across the river, steep, bare rocky terraces rose almost perpendicularly from the river. On this side was seen the narrow valley, like a green strip, bounded by a granite hill, huge detached boulders lying among the waving grain. Two or three dwellings only were to be seen. No sound audible save a tinkle of the distant cowbell, and the whish-whish of the river falls.

Anon a splash and voices announce that a trout or salmon has been raised in the churchyard pool.

Mr. Urban soon joined us. Remarking that he intended paying a visit to Rose Bank, we left the river, and in a few minutes' walk round the hill we stood beside the village schoolhouse, which is situated on a hill covered with large granite boulders, and sheltered by a thick grove. Near by is the Presbyterian church,—a well finished building, with a square tower. It stands in a most romantic

situation. "Church and school," remarked my friend, "owe much to the liberality of Mrs. W. of Rose Bank."

Across the road is a new and neatly finished Methodist chapel, which is a proof of the very great liberality of the members of that body.

Rose Bank—distant about a mile from the Presbyterian church—lies at the head of the narrow river valley. A pretty flower plot, bordered with evergreen, is around the door. The orchard is at the side and rear of the cottage, and extends to the river. Real Scotch thistles and daisies nestle around the grey rock. Boulders covered with creeping plants and raspberry bushes lie around the enclosure. Across the river lie tall ranges of rock, the crevices being filled with evergreens, huckleberry and pigeon berry bushes. The flat surface was covered with small trees, which denuded of their foliage by a recent fire, resembled the masts of a fleet shrouded in crape. While, on the other hand, rock stretched beyond rock, brake, fern, and hanging wood bending over them till they appeared crowned with the blue of the sky.

A party proposed a walk to the lakes about a mile from Rose Bank. We crossed the bridge, which has a very fine gilded salmon suspended over it. Above the bridge is an establishment for sawing logs. The site of the lake is lonely and beautiful.

On a little green islet is the ruins of an old house: a spot where fancy whispers a hermit might choose to dwell.

A smooth expanse of water, with innumerable lilies dancing on its margin, surrounded by precipice upon precipice, until rockland and cloudland seem to meet, and covered with all the varied lights and shadows which ferny rockside, leafy hill top, jutting points and lily covered coves, can create from sun and cloud at morning, noon and night, seem to meet and nestle on the bosom of this quiet lake.

We entered a skiff, and were rowed up the lake and into the river. Here the hills receded, and the valley widened into a broad grassy meadow, where the people obtain hay for their stock. This meadow extends at irregular widths for several miles. At the *falls* the navigation is impeded by rocks.

A thunder cloud appeared, threatening every moment to pour its watery stores upon us. It happily passed over, and only a few drops of rain fell, its base hiding the cliffs beyond the lake. The setting sun shone very brightly for a few moments, lighting the inky peaks of the cloud with a fringe of palest azure and gold, whilst a very vivid rainbow was formed, spanning the arch as the beautiful bow of the promise.

"Where," enquired one of the party, "is the source of the Musquodoboit?"

Mr. Urban, who had for some time been silently gazing on the beauteous rainbow, suddenly asked, "Shall I tell you?"

"Pray do," was answered by several voices.

"I shall have time to get through before we reach the shore," he said, with a smile; "so listen to the source of the Musquodoboit, or *Chosen Water*, as it was called by the Indians."

THE MUSQUODOBOIT.

From its home in the wood,
Where the old hemlocks stood
Long ages ago, as they stand now—
Their white arms extended,
All mossy and bended,
Defying the blast—trickling from brow
Of the dark flinty rock,
All untrodden by flock,
The stream's first motion seeks the ocean.

Unkissed by the sun gleams,
Unseen by the moonbeams,
Through impervious forests its way,
Through the autumn leaves spread
Where the lost hunter's tread
Starts the owl from the tree in the day—
Timid moose drink their fill,
Where the rill, round the hill,
With gurgling motion seeks the ocean.

Eddying round windfalls,
Melting up the snowballs
Into crystal palaces of ice;
Deep in the snowy glen,
Where is hid the bear's den;
Through tall pines, straight, limbless, which entice

Winds, as they swiftly fly
To bear up to the sky
The voice of its motion seeking the ocean.

From wildwood emerging,
Over smooth rock surging,
The river joyously moves along
Where the shadowy grain
Waves over the plain,
And you hear the reaper's cheerful song:
Happiness is in it,
Where the Musquodoboit,
Without commotion, rolls to ocean.

Over the rocky falls
Leaping, it loudly calls—
Impatiently echoes the mountains:
Through cranberry meadows
Where fairy-like shadows
From beech and birch dip in the fountains:
Where the white lily weaves
Its chaplet of leaves—
Lake-like its motion on to ocean.

Where Indian maids gather
The dark huckleberry,
And strip birch bark for the light canoe;
On through swamps where there lies
Healing plants of gay dyes
(Indian panacea) sparkling with dew:
Through thickets of wild rose,
Where the bright fire-fly glows,
Sluggish its motion on to the ocean.

Round whirlpools, white with foam,
Past milldam, brush and loam,
Past golden orchards, through the lea,
Kissing white clover banks,
Playing wild elfin pranks
With the fisherman's lines near the sea:

In the sunshine glancing,
On, on it goes dancing—
In wild commotion gains the ocean.

To its cool crystal tide
How the glad fishes glide—
Salmon, trout and the silvery eel;—
When the morning mists cool
Curtain the limpid pool
You may hear the angler's whizzing reel;
Gold trout grasp the false fly,
Plunging, floating, they die—
The turbid motion sinks in ocean.

Through the length of its course,
Sometimes angry and hoarse,
Falling, brawling, dashing its journey,
As the course of our life—
Born to turmoil and strife—
Passing the pleasures, sinks in death's sea.
Thou "Chosen Water" clear,
Musquodoboit, appear
Ending thy motion, sinks in ocean.

The group of hills extending westward contains the source of the Middle River of Pictou, which discharges itself into Pictou Harbor. The Stewiacke emptying into Fundy, and the St. Mary's and Musquodoboit, after flowing through fine agricultural districts, burst the granitic band which girdles the Atlantic, and flow through narrow valleys to the sea.

In different places tall cliffs rise almost perpendicularly from the edge of the valleys. The original vegetation having been destroyed by fire, these

granite terraces have become perfect gardens of flowering and fruit-bearing shrubs, (Assyria's king might have envied them,) while the bare summits, almost destitute of soil, are clothed with stunted spruces. Tall feathery brakes (Pteris Aquilina) and sweet ferns (Comptonia Asplenifolia) wave in valleys between the granite hills, through which a lucky sportsman may sometimes catch sight of a bear or a moose.

Fine groups of hardwood trees grow on these granite hills, and now these granite rocks have proved auriferous.

GOLD.—"Gold at Tangier," has run like an electric shock along the settlement. Every man able to walk had gone from Musquodoboit Harbor to this Eldorado. So we learned on returning from a two days' excursion up the river. We procured a small specimen of the precious ore from an Indian. Gold, pale and pure! Gold it most certainly was, adhering firmly to its quartzite bed. Tangier, soon to be as well known as its ancient African namesake, is a strip of land lying between the Musquodoboit and a very small stream named Tangier River, which empties into the Atlantic east of Ship Harbor. The rear of this block, and where the gold was first found, has since been called Moose Land.

Enquiring at the hotel for particulars as to the

amount found, &c., we were directed to the house of the county surveyor, "who knew all about it."

Mr. Urban drove to this gentleman's farm, about a mile from the hotel.

Three fourths of this distance lay through a barren, covered with blue berries, patches of bright red fox berries here and there on the knolls, partridges, with flocks of young ones, scarcely moved from the road; squirrels and rabbits peered at us from the bushes, when suddenly a fine view of the harbor and the farm at its head opened to us. The grass and grain crops were very luxuriant. Several large flocks of wild geese and mongrels were in their yard. These are domesticated, and hatch in the little islets near the shore.

Peacocks, pheasants, turkeys, ducks, and fowls of various breeds and plumage, from the stately Shanghai to the little bantam, were picking their evening meal.

The surveyor welcomed us warmly, and for the last time that day, re-told the whereabouts of the gold field, adding that by daylight next morning he expected to convey a party from the city to the spot, and invited us to join them.

Early on the following day we set out, and after a long row up Ship Harbor lakes we landed, and set out through the forest, guided by the surveyor's compass. All day we marched over tangled craggy

cliffs, through swamps covered with cranberry vines and bake apple blossoms. At night we slept —slept as only the weary can sleep—the blue sky our coverlid. The second day at noon we arrived at Tangier. Several hundred fortune hunters were on the ground before us. To outward appearance they were a gay and happy party, with plenty of provisions, picks, pans, &c., but alas! a positive lack of the yellow dust.

In the words of a celebrated statesman, then on the ground, "Not gold enough to make a thimble;" and he counselled the would-be miners to leave this new avocation, and return forthwith to their respective occupations. How little do the wisest know of the future! "Ye know not what a day may bring forth," is the word of Him "who seeth the end from the beginning;" "who spake as never man spake."

Within a year this same statesman is penning reports of Tangier and the surrounding gold fields, which are read over half the globe. The fame of that golden grain, too small for a thimble, like the grain of mustard, is spreading over the land, attracting the attention of noblemen and statesmen, of the learned and the unlearned. Men of money and men moneyless, from the Land's End to John O'Groat's House, have asked, "where is Tangier?" Starving thousands by voiceless looms hope that

they or their children might yet see this Eldorado.

At the Great Exhibition, admiring crowds from all quarters of the globe have examined samples of its quartz and slaty rock veined with gold. The son of our beloved Queen has gathered ore from its mines. A nephew of the great Bonaparte, and his bride—the daughter of a regal line, uniting to the name of Napoleon the blood of all the princely dynasties which have swayed sceptres over Europe and the Isles—came to visit it. Capitalists from Europe and the neighboring Republic have found Nova Scotia gold mines a most profitable investment.

CHAPTER II.

Musquodoboit—The Grant—First Presbyterian Minister's Grave—Fire in the Woods—Portobello—Minister's Diary—Return to Halifax—The Royal Visitor.

We started homewards with a party who proposed to travel through the woods until they struck the road leading from Guysboro' to Halifax.

We spent the night in a forest. The size and height of the pines would gladden a lumberer's heart.

Our friend, the surveyor, informed us that a very large tract of well wooded land lay between this gold district and Sheet Harbor, the rocky land extending only a few miles from the coast.

This rocky wilderness is very romantic, abounding in small lakes fringed with grassy boggy plains, surrounded by steep precipices of grey rock, some places bare and steep, in others broken and shelving. Here the owl and the eagle rear their young. Here the fox, the bear and the moose make their home. In Nova Scotian wilds such as these the British officer loves to spend his first furlough.

The surveyor said "that there was a story among the Indians that a hardwood grove somewhere in the vicinity remained ever green. Being in the neighborhood last March, he sent two men to look

for it. After an absence of two or three days they returned with some branches of these evergreens, which, according to the story, never grow except on soil containing gold."

We reached the settlement early in the day, and at noon saw our friends into the coach *en route* for Halifax.

We passed through the fine agricultural settlements of Upper and Middle Musquodoboit.

This garden of Halifax (so called) contains a large extent of river intervale, second only to the marsh on the Bay of Fundy for grass. It likewise bears fine crops of cereals.

The uplands are also productive. The barns are large, and the farm houses substantial and commodious.

Raspberry bushes by the wayside are loaded with ripe fruit. Currants, plums and apples abound in the gardens. White sleeved mowers whetted their scythes. The hum of the spinning wheel and the click of the loom make music round the dwellings.

We passed several churches—Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist—and a number of school houses. Mr. Urban pointed to Tullochgorum Manse, the residence of the Rev. Mr. S——, who is the oldest U. P. minister in the Province (except Mr. C. of Maitland). Mr. S. has travelled over more of Nova Scotia, and preached oftener than

any minister in it. He is well known in the Province, and also across the Atlantic, for the vigor and originality of his writings.

We drove through the "Grant." While Mr. Urban was making some enquiries after a conveyance to the city we strolled to the river bank, and met an old man of whom we were making some enquiries, when he said, pointing to a spot near us, "There rests the first Presbyterian minister who came to Nova Scotia."

We turned to the place he pointed to us. No memorial is now above or around it. In truth it is scarcely discernable from the surrounding turf.

"It must be some years since this minister died," we observed.

"Yes," said the old man, "he was preaching here when I was a boy. He died sixty years ago."

"Where did he reside," we asked him.

"Here for some years. His house was there. That is the old cellar. This burying place was his land."

The place he indicated as the *cellar* was a small grass-grown hollow.

"Where did he preach?" we asked him.

"Often in his own house. In it he also taught the children—inspired us boys with a love of learning. Come down to the house, and I will show you some of his sermons."

We readily consented. The old man in a few minutes handed us a small smoked parcel, tied with a flaxen string, and a book.

I opened the book—a rare old volume it proved to be—printed in the year ——, on the Discipline of the Presbyterian Church, containing a chapter as to the mode of the Church in dealing with witches.

"This is no sermon book," said we, looking at the old man.

"No, no; that is only one of his books. Here are the sermons," he answered.

We untied the parcel, and was unrolling it, when he laid his hand on my arm and arrested the act.

"I was thinking," said he "how strange it is since his time we have had no regular supply of preaching from the body to which he belonged until this summer; and now the young minister reads his sermons. These sermons of his shew the labor he took in preparing them. He was subject to fits. The old people say he overworked himself. He travelled summer and winter, sometimes on snow-shoes, to visit his people in the other settlements, preaching to them in houses or in barns. He frequently fainted after he was done preaching; but next Sabbath he would have new sermons to preach. He never read his sermons."

The old man paused, motioning me to read the manuscript.

On the outside of the faded paper was written, in a firm hand, the date "July 12th, 1795. My own house, Musquodoboit."

At this moment Mr. Urban drove up in a carriage on his way to the city. We showed him the packet. After a few minutes' conversation between the old man and Mr. Urban, the latter seemed to be in haste to proceed on our journey. Saying, "Keep these old papers," he gave them to me.

Bidding the old man farewell, we were again in a wagon travelling along a good road through Meagher's Grant. This tract of land, originally granted to a Captain Meagher, to compensate him for the loss of a schooner which he had loaned to the Government some eighty years ago, is now made into good farms, with broad acres of river intervale and meadow lands. For fertility of soil, and luxuriant crops, this region is scarcely surpassed in the Province, and only thirty miles from Halifax. But we enjoyed it not. The old man and his story had broken up all the fountains of thought. The papers in my hand,—mementoes of a man well educated, sensitive and refined, long dead, yet speaking to us.

"Did you ever hear of this minister?" said we, addressing Mr. Urban rather abruptly.

"Often," answered my friend.

"Have you any written account of his life and labors?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Urban, "or at least a very brief one. Perhaps you have something among these papers, which, by your leave we will examine after we reach our hotel. I will tell you what I have heard of him from those who knew him. They said he labored very diligently, performing long journeys on snow shoes, which men now travelling by turnpike or rail still call long. Then coming here in the decline of life to minister to a people who had left valuable properties in the Southern States, and who had come to Nova Scotia for the sake of living under the British Government, where their children and their slaves' children enjoy the same civil and religious privileges.

"In the midst of these self-denying labors a little past the prime of life, and when the country, filling rapidly with settlers, was crying loudly for laborers to break to them the bread of life, his Master, without a moment's warning, called him home. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

"The Province then must have been sparsely settled?" said we to Mr. Urban.

"In 1781 the population was estimated at twelve thousand," said my friend. "In 1783," he added, "as estimated by Governor Parr, twenty thousand emigrants arrived; and now, only 77 years after-

wards, this one county of Halifax contains 49,021 inhabitants—seventeen thousand more than were in the whole Province near the close of the last century.

"Halifax County has twenty-four places of worship,, one hundred and nineteen schoolhouses and school teachers, and fifty-seven clergymen of various denominations. It produces 20,872 tons of hay. 84,208 bushels of grain. The value of real estate, exclusive of the city, is £563,292, while the estimated value of the personal property is £169,909. The total exports of the Province (in 1860) are—fish, £773,625; live stock and agriculture, £196,632: of lumber, £191,784; mines and quarries, £164,564: furs, £18,054; manufactures, £17,494; vessels, 42,067; miscellaneous, £37,783; imported and re-exported, £254,947—making the sum of £1,696,950. [In 1864, for the quarter ending June, the Halifax *Colonist* says 'the average number of men engaged in gold mining was 839, and the gold produced was equivalent to 6 oz. 14 gr. per man,' as per Gold Commissioner's Report]."

In the midst of these statistics our attention was arrested by a column of pale blue smoke issuing from the trunk of a tree. We stopped to examine it more closely. It was black birch, the trunk

NOTE. The vessels entered in Nova Scotia ports for 1861 are 6323, tonnage, 696,763. The number cleared—6089 vessels; tonnage, 695,582

tall, straight, and, so far as I could judge, about 30 feet in height. The top had been broken off, probably, in some gale of wind. The hard crackled bark appeared entire and uncharred. On closer examination we found a small crack near the root, where the insidious destroyer had crept, and, running up the hollow inside, converted the stem into what appeared to be the tall chimney of some subterranean factory. The air was dense from smoke, and the fire appeared to be spreading on each side of the road, destroying much valuable timber. Fires, from some cause, appear to slumber for several days, and then appearing again, as if endued with fresh vigor, do great damage. They often run for a long distance on the ground, a patch of blackened grass or a smoking stump alone marking their progress.

"When the last fire was on the shore," said Mr. Urban, "it crept for some days round the rocks, nestling in the moss. After a time it seized fences, brush, &c., till gaining the edge of the woods, which was composed of windfalls, old, dry and charred rubbish,—this it eagerly seized, and most greedily devoured; then rising, it hurried on to whatever came in its way. The leaves of hardwood saplings tremble, wilt, and fade at its approach, adhering in a crispy state to the limbs after the destroyer has passed along. With a hissing noise it runs to

the top of firs and spruces, its forky tongue of flame licking their needle-shaped leaves from the boughs: thence flying to the green hemlocks, running over them like a blush, in many cases leaving their bark unmarked. On, on sped the flames, leaping from those ledges of rock higher and higher, till they seem to reach the clouds. Aided by a strong wind of their own creation, they near the east bank of the Musquodoboit River. The narrow strip of clearing, only a few rods in breadth, was not considered in danger.

"I was walking leisurely to the bridge about an hour before sunset, when I met a man on horseback minus a saddle, and without hat, coat or vest, who, in a few hurried words, told me that another fire from the direction of Jedore was coming over the hill before the wind at a fearful rate of speed. 'Our house and mill,' added he, 'is burning. My mother, who is sick was rescued with great difficulty. I am going to the lake for the men who are working at the other fire. There is,' added he, 'an old man and a sick woman, and dear knows what they will do.'

"I walked on, and in a few minutes saw the fire coming down the hill. Its track was not wide, but its speed was fearful. Huge pieces of fiery limbs were lifted off the old dry hemlocks, a bright flame lighting the spot where they fell. Three or four houses were in imminent danger. One below these

was in flames. The children had been carried across the river, while the fire, now burning a point of woods between the upper and lower hamlets cut off escape for those above the point. Some half dozen of the youngest children were sitting on a pile of rocks in the middle of a small patch of potatoes, while men, women, and the larger children were carrying water to subdue the flames. A boat lay at the bank to convey a man of nearly 100 years to a place of safety. Men with buckets, to which they had affixed long poles, threw water on the roofs of the houses. The women and children poured water on the red sparks which alighted in the door yards, while ever and anon the little ones gave a wild startled cry at the crash of the flames seizing some new object.

"Meanwhile a party of about 30 men came from the lakes, and pointed out the necessity of preventing the fire from spreading into a piece of dry chopping, adding, 'If it cotches them we are all done for it.'

"An old grassy road lay between the fire and the chopping. Here the party repaired. Every flake that fell here was carefully watered, or stamped into ashes. Numberless times did it, like a fiery serpent on its errand of evil, run across the road, as often to be trampled out by the watchers. Ever and anon a large flake detaching itself from some huge hemlock which grew on the side of the hill,

glowing like giant lustres, would fly, as if determined to light on the opposite side of the river; but falling short of their mark, fall into the stream, which, like Tam o' Shanter's witches, 'they darena cross.' The blazing forest, the flying flames, the tall columns of pale blue smoke, broad pyramids of sparks, the group of men watching, the dark river and darker background of rock and woods, the summer evening sky, through which the full moon looked like blood, the hissing sound of the flames and the crash of the falling timbers, made the scene one of terrific grandeur, reminding us of that awful description of the Apostle, 'when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth, and the works which be therein, shall be burned up.'

"I entered the cottage. The old man's supper of corn cake and milk stood untasted by his bedside. The tea table, with its half-finished meal, showed how rapidly the fire had come over the hill. No candle was required; the burning forest made the house quite light. I found the man of four score and fifteen years sitting on the side of the bed, the baby of a few weeks (his great grand-child) sleeping in his cradle near him. Winter and spring they seemed to me.

"'Are you not afraid of the house being burnt,' I enquired.

"'They are,' meaning the family. 'They wanted me to go away; but I fear no danger: the hand which has guided me so long will not forsake me now.'

"'Still it is our duty to do all in our power,' I replied.

"'True,' said he, pointing to the cradle with a smile; 'I am minding him.'

"'Did you always live here?' I enquired.

"'No: I was born in South Carolina, and am almost the only one remaining of a large party which came here at the revolutionary war. We were what they called refugees.'

"'Do you ever think of your birthplace and early home?'

"'Of late years I think more about it. Not being able to work for five and twenty years gives one a long time for thinking. I prefer eating corn cake to any other bread.'

"He laid down on his bed, and asked me to read to him a portion of Scripture. 'My eye sight is getting very dim,' said he, by way of apology.

"Accordingly I read to him by a candelabra surpassed only by the one by which Nero fiddled. On the entrance of the family with the assurance that the fire was subdued I took my leave."

We for the last few miles had been travelling through a very rocky region, since known as the Waverly Gold Field.

"Here is Portobello!" said Mr. Urban. "As our horse is wearied, and all the *world* will be astir preparing to meet his Royal Highness, suppose we stay here, and drive into the city on Monday morning."

At our inn, after supper, Mr. Urban, wheeling round an arm chair in front of the lamp, and applying a match to a fresh cigar, said, "Open your papers, and let us hear what they have to say. Here is a chair; pray be seated."

I opened the roll accordingly. The parcel contained an analysis of a number of sermons; under each head some leading thoughts, the fulness and finish apparently reserved for extemporaneous effort.

"Here also is a part of a diary, and a 'List of books, my own property. May 15th, 1787. James Murdoch.'"

"Anything written on the sermons?" said Mr. Urban, puffing a long light cloud of smoke over his head, and watching it melt into thin air.

"The dates," was the laconic reply, somewhat chagrined by his apathetic manner.

"What are they; pray read them," said Mr. Urban, smiling.

"Three dated Amherst, 1799; Amherst, Horton, Fort Lawrence and Windsor, 1781, 1782 and 1783; three at Conomy, 1787; five at Musquodoboit, Gay's River and Shubenacadie, respectively dated 1792,

1793 and 1794; and nineteen others, extending from this year, and ending September 25th, 1799."

"This last date," observed Mr. Urban, "is in all probability the last he ever wrote, as he was drowned in the Musquodoboit in the fall of 1799.

"He was subject to epileptic turns. Going to fish trout one day in the Musquodoboit, it is supposed that one of these fits seized him, as he had slipped off the log on which he was standing. When found, his arm encircled a tree, and life was extinct. What is the date of the diary?" said Mr. Urban.

"The first is wanting. The close contains a list of upwards of one hundred books, with the remark that 'there are a great number of my valuable books lent out to sundry persons, who, I am afraid, are so ungrateful as not to return them. May 5th, 1787.' The diary is probably written a month earlier. It begins as follows:

"'The wind shifted to the westward about 2 of the clock. It thundered and rained. Some real appearance of a thaw. Rose early. Mr. Thompson set out for Partridge Island afoot with old Mr. Henison, who had staid all night. James and Betty Corbet went to sugaring. The two Corbets went down to the island with moose meat. The thaw continued all night—a very thick fog and very hazy weather. Mr. Thompson and John Corbet came up from Partridge Islands very much tired. Mr.

Thompson brought me one yard of muslin for cravats. Thomas Durning had given me the order for 10s. on Mr. Ratchford.

11th.—Rose early. It had froze considerable hard last night. James Thompson went back to the sugaring place, having, with Betty, come home yesterday. Brought home with them 32 lbs sugar. Wrote for Mr. Thompson one letter to Andrews, another to Mr. Harrington.

12th.—Slept comfortably last night. Rose about five. A little frost last night. A fine clear day. James Thompson and Betty went out to the sugaring place—a fine day for the purpose. Mr. Thompson, Robin and John Corbet, went out to make shingles. The ice gone out of the Basin almost altogether. Waiting every tide for the Corbet's boat to take me over to Horton. After dinner went a gunning, but returned as I went, seeing nothing.

13th.—Had good rest the last night, and rose about five. The morning dark, and the wind N. E.; very favorable for the Corbet's boat to come from Little Dyke. Waited with impatience until five, but no account of the boat. They came home from sugaring, and brought about 37 lbs. Mrs. Thompson made me a present of 10 lbs. for the children.

14th.—Rose about my usual time. The morning pleasant. Began to prepare for the Sabbath, and continued to study till near twelve. My uneasiness

about the boat, which came into East River about one of the clock. Finished my discourse. The boys came home from sugaring—brought home about 17 lbs. Jane came home from the East River. Received from Josh. Marsh the letter to the trustees.

15th.—Slept sound, and rose about 5, my usual hour. After breakfast and family duty, prepared for meeting. Began about 10. Preached from Romans VIII 13: "But if ye through the spirit mortify the deeds of the flesh, ye shall live." Josh. Marsh came from Conomy. The boat that is to carry me home lies in the creek, and will go out at high water, Deo volente. Sailed about 11 o'clock at night; got down to Partridge Island about 2 of the clock in the morning.

16th.—Landed and went on shore to Capt. Crane's,—staid about two hours, then came on board, weighed anchor, and landed on Long Island in Horton. Got home to my own house with John Corbet, who dined, and then went to George Cochran's, where he staid all night.

17th.—He and Mr. Cochran called after breakfast. Promised to Mr. Cochran to preach next Sabbath. John Corbet set off for Cornwallis to ——— in the boat. Stayed at home all day. Early to bed."

"This," said Mr. Urban, turning the yellow paper, "is the journal of a visit across the Basin of

Minas. The writing is very fine, although the paper is coarse.

"Here are other papers," added he, "only sermons, dated Windsor, May; Amherst, May: Fort Lawrence, Nov. 22, 1779.

"This is a memorandum of household stuff. The last item is—'not to forget the first volume of *Prideaux*.'

"The next paper is notes of a visit to Gay's River and Shubenacadie. G. Moore lived a very short distance from where the new Presbyterian church at Gay's River now stands.

"This journal is dated Decr. 18th, 1792.

"'Rose early, and proceeded with Benjamin Woodworth and Hawthorn to the Shubenacadie. Got to George Moore's.

19th.—After breakfast proceeded, and got over the river in a canoe, having broke the ice with a stick. Called at Hawthorn's, and got down to J. Williamson's by dark. Stay all night—kindly received.

20th.—After breakfast went down to Paul Woodworth's, where I married Stephen Woodworth and Ann Richardson. A very decent wedding—an elegant dinner and supper. Went over to Fort Ellis. Stayed all night with my old friend, Mr. Thomas Woodworth.

21st.—A violent snow storm, and stayed within doors the whole of the day.

22nd.—Came over the river, and up to Mr. Williamson's, where I purpose to preach to-morrow.

23rd.—The people met accordingly. The house full. Greatly aided in my address. My subject Reconciliation. Rested indifferently. Somewhat afraid of my disorder, but escaped.

24th.—Rose as usual. After breakfast went to Fort Ellis. Sent for to Mr. Paul Woodworth's to a blythe meal or drinking of tea.

25th.—Christmas. Dined elegantly at Mr. Thos. Woodworth's, senr. The young folks dined at Mr. Woodworth's, and spent the evening there. Staid all night.

26th.—After breakfast proceeded to J. Williamson's, and there remained.

27th.—Breakfasted, dined and supped.

28th.—Breakfasted and dined. Thos. Ellis, son to Jons., came for me with a horse—made much of. The people greatly distressed about their fishery—the Woodworth's rather severe—but no help.

29th.—Rose as usual. After breakfast and family duty began to finish my preparation for the Sabbath.

30th.—After breakfast and family duty proceeded to Mr. Williamson's. The people met paid great attention. Had a short lecture at Paul Wood-

worth's. Baptized his daughter by the name of Eleanor Fletcher, and Pat Hay's by the name of Thos.

31st.—Went from Mr. Thomas Woodworth's, senr., by way of Dickey's, home. Got as far as Mr. G. Moore's after dark.

Jan. 1st, —93.—Went off for Mr. Keen's over the lakes.

2nd.—Set out for my own house by Captain Meagher's. Got home by night. Found Fisher's people hauling wood.

3rd.—Mr. Dunbreak, Angus McDonald and black Dickson assist.

4th, 5th.—Some of the most remarkable manifestations, not fit to be uttered. Prepared for the Sabbath.

6th.—Preached at Robison's. A small congregation. In the evening requested to go as far as Mr. McDonald's and baptize Mr. McInnes's child, which I did by the name of Jennet. One to Xtophel by the name Christophel.

7th.—Had at Mr. McDonald's a severe epileptic turn. After breakfast returned by the way of Mr. Fisher's home, and found the family as usual.

8th, 9th.—Mr. Johnston and Sam Breese came to repair the chimney, which they accomplished.

11th, 12th.—Prepared for the Sabbath. Got

Scot Stewart to put the remains of my hay in the hovel—a few hundreds.

13th.—Had meeting at Robison's—a considerable congregation. A severe day of cold. Published the banns of matrimony between Angus McDonald and Martha Fisher the last time.

14th.—Invited to the marriage on Thursday. Repaired to Mr. Fisher's, and joined Angus and Martha, being the 17th inst. About 55 people at the wedding. Staid all night.

20th.—Preached at Robison's.

21st.—Came as far as Peter Ogilvie's with Mr. Bonnell.

22nd.—Rained all day.

23rd.—Froze hard, and came as far as John Archibald's. Staid all night.

24th.—Set off very early, and got to Mr. Putman's about 2 o'clock P. M. After some time married Mr. Bonnell and Abigail the daughter."

This leaf appears to have no connection with the others.

"Pray read it," said Mr. Urban.

"Isaiah XLVI 19: 'Thy dead men shall arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast forth her dead.' My own house, July 26th,—95. Gay's River. J. M."

18th.—Prepared for the Sabbath.

"19th.—Preached to a tolerably large congregation. Baptised two children—one to George Campbell by the name of George; the other to William Cook by the name of Agnes or Nancy.

20th.—Rose early, and determined to return home to Musquodoboit."

That is all this fragment contains.

We were deeply interested in these mementoes of this early Presbyterian father, and begged Mr. Urban to tell us of his family, and how and when he came to Nova Scotia.

"Is any person living who has seen him?"

"My friend Mr. W. Kilcup, formerly of Windsor, remembers hearing him preach in that place. He describes Mr. M. as a tall, portly, fine-looking man, and a very excellent preacher."

"Is Mr. Kilcup alive?" we enquired.

"Yes. He is hale and hearty, and near a hundred years of age. He also remembers when the news of the first American War came to Windsor."

"Did Mr. M.'s family come to Nova Scotia? Where was he born and educated?" (See appendix.)

"They came from the north of Ireland. The family had embraced the principles of the Reformation from the earliest times. His great-grandfather was killed in his own house by the Rapparees

during the troublous times in Ireland. His parents came to Nova Scotia a short time after their son was settled in it: they only had this son and a daughter.

His sister married in the year 1770, Mr. ———, who was a near neighbor to his wife's family, and came to Nova Scotia in the same ship with them. She died in 1820, and her husband survived her a number of years. From this gentleman, with whom some of the happiest years of my life were spent, I obtained almost all the particulars which I know of Mr. M. and his labors."

"Where did he receive his education," we enquired.

"He was educated, or finished his education, in Scotland, under the supervision of the General Associate (then also called Antiburgher) Synod of Scotland, and was by it appointed to the mission to Nova Scotia in 1765 (before the same Church had ministers in Philadelphia or New York.) But the demand for Mr. M.'s labors at home was urgent. A call from a congregation in the town of Lisburn was urged upon him. This call he declined, thus giving up the prospect of a life of comfort in Lisburn, a very pleasantly situated town on the Lagan, 6½ miles from Belfast (the celebrated Jeremy Taylor was Bishop there at the time,) and casting

his lot in the new world, to face a missionary's toils and reap his rewards.

"In September 1766 he was ordained to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Newtown, Limavady, and immediately sailed for his destination. He landed in Halifax, and preached there for a time to the Protestant Dissenting congregation which had been formed in Halifax, probably at the first settlement of the place. Whether their first minister, Rev. Aaron Cleveland, was a Congregationalist or not is not known: but Mr. Sycomb, who was pastor there in 1769, was a Congregationalist. How much Presbyterianism in Nova Scotia owes to Mr. Murdoch! His unflinching adherence to the principles of the Associated Synod enabled him to withstand the offers of the English emigrants to minister in the St. Mather Church.

"He chose Horton for his place of abode. Here his parents had settled (very near the site of the old courthouse) some twelve years after the expulsion of the Acadians, and some seven or eight years after the first settlers from Connecticut arrived in the townships. These people gave a most cordial welcome to Mr. Murdoch; but the settlers from New England were more Congregationalist in principle than Presbyterian, and he the only Presbyterian minister in the Province.

"In 1770 we find him assisting in the ordination

of Mr. Comingo in the St. Matthew or Mather of Halifax, then known as the Protestant Dissenting Meeting-house. The Governor, Lord William Campbell, members of Council, and persons of all denominations were present at this the first ordination in the Province. Mr. Sycomb of Halifax, and Phelps of Cornwallis, Congregationalists, Mr. Lyon of Onslow,* and Mr. Murdoch of Horton, Presbyterians, taking part in the services.

"There is yet extant a very able paper by the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, equivalent to the narrative of steps taken in a Scottish Ordination Service, in which the writer, setting forth the reasons for Mr. Comingo's ordination, is very careful that this Lunenburg pastor's case should not be made a precedent for uneducated persons being thrust into the holy ministry.

"How his soul must have been vexed when Henry Allein applied for ordination. Often has his brother-in-law spoken of his exhorting this father of the *New Lights* to give up his idle and fanatical notions. One of Allein's converts standing up at the close of a meeting, avowing that at the moment

*Mr. Lyon was ordained by the Presbytery in New Jersey, and sent to Pictou with settlers from the States in 1767.. But only four families of these remaining in Pictou, some time afterwards he settled in Onslow, whither had emigrated thirty families from Mass. in 1761. Rev. Mr. McKinloch was in the country, but only remained a short time, returned to Scotland, and ended his days in Paisley.

of his conversion the Son of God had taken possession of his immortal soul; that his cup was full to overflowing, &c., &c.; whilst a bystander kept exclaiming, 'Take care! it is nothing but froth: only froth!'

"Mr. Murdoch failed not to warn them in season and out of season, against this dangerous soul-destroying delusion

"The prophet says, 'When iniquity comes in like a flood, the Lord will lift up his standard against it.'

"Amherst, settled by Scotch Irish Presbyterians, claimed a share of his labors. 'In 1788 Dr. McGregor visited them for the first time, remarking,' says his biographer, 'that he had to go 50 miles through the woods after leaving Colchester, with only a few houses in the whole distance.' But for a number of years previous to this, Mr. Murdoch had visited them yearly. We have now before us some of these sermons, dated Amherst, Fort Lawrence and New Brunswick, 1779 and 1781. Yet it seems a little strange that this fact should have been utterly ignored by the biographer and Dr. McGregor.

"'In 1793 petitions,' says Dr. McGregor's biographer, 'were sent from Chiginois, Shubenacadie, Noel and Kennetcook. I had preached

before at Chiginois; the rest were new places situated on the other side of the Bay.'

"New, indeed, to Dr. McGregor they doubtless were, but not so to Mr. Murdoch, who had been preaching in them from the time they were first settled, as he speaks of Mr. Woodworth, who lived at the Fort at the junction of the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie, as his old friend. As the streams in these times were the highways, travellers were known to those who lived near the river. Mental anxiety was added to physical toil. These long journeys detaining him for many days, nay weeks, leaving a young wife, nurtured in all the elegancies and refinements of a city home, alone with a young family, exposed to the constant dread of an invasion from the revolted Yankees, then landing in front on the bay, and hostile Indians in the woods around them.

"Here he, in the face of the government commanding a fast, April 11th, 1777, informed his congregation that they were under no obligation to observe it; thus, doubtless, being the first minister in Nova Scotia who laid down the scriptural doctrine that the civil magistrate has no right to enforce the observance of religious fasts on his subjects. The governments of the present day very properly recommend a fast occasionally. But so zealous was the government of Nova Scotia in 1777

to honor God by fasting, that the sheriff forcibly removed a team from the field of an individual belonging to his Church, and threatened the man with the heaviest penalties of the law for *working* on a fast day. Instead of God being honored by such compulsory measures, no doubt his stern reply to those who enforced them was in the words of the prophet, 'Who hath required this at your hand? Is this the fast that I have chosen, saith the Lord?'

"After residing several years in Horton he removed to Windsor, where he remained for some time, preaching there and in the surrounding stations. Several Congregational clergymen being by this time settled in the western part of the Province, the spread of the New Light doctrines, and the establishment of King's College, for which object the Province gave in 1789 £444 8s. 10½d. per annum, and £500 to purchase the land, (and the British Parliament £1000,) thus giving Episcopacy dominance in Windsor, and the extreme spiritual destitution of the settlers on the Shubenacadie and Musquodoboit, induced Mr. M. after some twenty years' residence in the Province to remove to Meagher's Grant.

"The last ten or twelve years of his life was spent in watering the then weak plant of Presbyterianism on the Musquodoboit, Shubenacadie, Gay's and Stewiacke rivers, till which, with the

growth of sixty years, it has expanded into many congregations, wealthy and influential.

"Twenty years were spent principally in Horton and Windsor, but also ministering to immigrants as they settled over the Province. His labors extended over some thirty-two or thirty-three years.

"These few leaves tell their own tale: they give us, as it were, a glimpse of the man and his labors. Other notices of him may yet come up. His house was at one time destroyed by fire, and many valuable books and papers were consumed. This sermon, Sept. 25th, 1799, is in all likelihood the last one he wrote. His name is now seldom mentioned; the very stone that filial affection placed over his grave has disappeared. We know the trials, nay, the very privations, of our missionaries in the far isles of the Pacific; but how few know the privations, the trials, of this the first Nova Scotian missionary —his fatigues, his hardships. No Board to pay his salary—no Society to supplement his stipend.

"In one of his journeys near Lake Egmont he met a man to whom he had given offence by performing a marriage. The man accosted him angrily, drew a heavy cudgel which he carried, and aimed a blow at the minister's head. The danger was imminent. But a large dog which followed the ruffian sprang between the minister and his master, and seized the latter by the collar. The

man shook off the dog, again aimed a blow at Mr. M., again to be prevented by his own dog. The man was astonished, and listened to a powerful rebuke from Mr. M., who was thus left at liberty to pursue his solitary way, no house within ten miles.

"Allusion is made in these brief notes to his disorder. He has fallen in the middle of divine service and been carried out insensible. He had been subject to epileptic fits for a number of years. No doubt but one of these was the cause of his death, for when found in the river, his arm encircled the limb of a tree, and he was partly out of the water, life totally extinct. Amid privation and toil he had spent his youth and his strength in preaching, and in teaching his own family and the children around him. Amid the tears of his family and his people he was carried to his grave. His work on earth was ended. He had labored alone. New congregations and new laborers were springing up around him, when he, in the solitude of the solemn forest and the ever-flowing river, might have, like Moses on Nebo, beheld with the eye of faith, in the coming years, the spread of that Church in Nova Scotia which sent him forth, her now long roll of ministers where he once stood her sole representative. Saw he or saw he not this 'promised possession.' He, like him, heard the solemn

words, 'Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers.' From ministering to the Church on earth, he in a moment was ushered into the city of the living God. 'To God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus.'

"Sweet, oh sweet! is communion on earth; what is that to Heaven."

COMMUNION.

'It is good for us to be here.'

No music floats, the heart to thrill,
The preacher's voice was hushed and still.

No rustle from the gathered crowd—
Together sit the poor and proud.

The calm of heaven around us drew—
Foretastes of bliss forever true.

The sacred feast on earth begun;
Unseen among us sat the Son.

By faith, which pierced the other side,
The far off land was glorified.

We felt the glow, divinely fair,—
A glimpse of heaven without the glare.

With us were earth, and doubt and gloom;
Beyond the veil the fair lands bloom,

While dim, in far off vista seen,
Death's dark deep river rolls between.

Beyond the pilgrimage we trod
We gazed upon the mounts of God.

Communing thus, our thoughts were one—
Thoughts of the man before us gone.

Soon one by one to that bright shore
Beckons our loved ones, gone before;

We still our throbbing hearts to hear
Voices unheard by mortal ear.

Sudden the pass was bridged with light,
The eternal gates swung to our sight;

Our souls were melted with the view,
And rose with faith to dwell there too.

"Good night," said Mr. Urban; "pleasant dreams, and Monday we go to greet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his arrival in Nova Scotia."

I retired to my room, but not to sleep; or if to sleep, to dream. The wide wide ocean, and the dreary cold shores; the deserted villages and the houseless wanderers; the new comers viewing the old homesteads, and the stealthy savage marking their footsteps; the pale student, his footsteps bathed in the dews which fell chill in far-famed Iona, or by the Giant's Causeway, wandering through wide transatlantic forests, and breaking the ice in unknown rivers, now preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ in log cabins, or teaching the little children the first steps to learning —all commingled together, and assumed shape in the following dream:

Away from childhood's happy home
His wearied head did lean,
Where yonder through the dark green spruce
The village school is seen.

The moaning damp winds through the trees
In sighing tones did play:
He heeded not, in dreamland fair
Came scenes now far away.

Alone, and not alone, for see
Upon that sleeping face
Smile chasing smile, for now in dreams
His homestead he can trace.

He sees his mother, as of yore
He knelt beside her knee;
His aged father reads aloud
The page he scarce can see;

A sister sings the psalm to him,
The household voices blend
In praise and prayer, and sweet good night
Their parting steps attend.

Now to the sparkling river's brink
His dreaming fancies go,
To watch the sportive salmon leap
Where blushing mayflowers grow.

'Tis changed: in well known classic shades
A stately college gleams,
The goal where fame hangs out her wreath—
His young ambition's dream.

She smiles—he starts—the crown, the goal,
All, all within his grasp;
But ah, at duty's sterner call,
They wither near his clasp.

See, pallor spreads his face, his lips
  Breathe the old plaint of woe,
Then love expired; 'twas founded not
  In friendship's sacred glow.

A moment, and the shadows pass,
  The mists no longer dim,
The dreamer sees once more the hand
  That points the path to him.

'Tis weary, steep and drear, afar
  From all the world holds grand;
He sees the path his Master trod—
  His footfalls in the sand.

He follows on: each feature bears
  The royal seal of soul;
Unheeded, as he treads that path,
  All mundane sorrows roll.

Look! smiles now flit across his face,
  The Hereafter fair expands,
The seed the common school has sown
  Bears fruit o'er all the lands.

On Tiber's banks, in awful rage,
  No Papal bulls now roar
At Bibles, for in every school
  They're read from shore to shore.

He sees degraded Hindoos rise
  From superstition's night,
And all Confucian lore grows dim
  When seen by Gospel light.

Again along the green old Nile,
  From many tuneful throats,
Upborne upon the wings of morn
  The song of Moses floats.

Beyond far Syend's desert wall
The snorting steam cars sweep
To join those telegraphic bands
Which girdle ocean's deep.

And in their train the school—the school—
While *onward* is their cry,
Till in each human being's hand
The sacred book shall lie.

Dream on, thou humble teacher,
Futurity explore,
A mansion is prepared for you
When time shall be no more;

A welcome and a crown be given,
For God the true, the just,
Rewards in Heaven, with joys untold,
The faithful to their trust.

Monday morning the cannon announced that the royal squadron was near the harbor. After breakfast we drove into the city. The weather was cloudy and sultry.

We found evergreen arches and floral decorations waving over Halifax from the Citadel to the water's edge. Every vessel in the harbor shewed all her colors. Gay flags, banners and arches bore words of welcome.

Indians in picturesque dresses, Highlanders in kilts, groups of country men and maidens who had come by sea and land; for the mower threw down his scythe, the teacher dismissed his school, the

sawyer shut the mill, the joiner dropped his plane, the caulking mallet ceased to ring, the wheel, the loom and the anvil were mute. All classes crowded to honor the son and heir of their beloved Queen. As Her Majesty's steamer Hero, 91, followed by the Ariadne and Flying Fish, and several steamers and yachts from the city, crowded with ladies and gentlemen, came majestically up the harbor, battery after battery poured forth royal salutes of twenty-one guns as the royal lion standard of old England passed them.

A broadside from the fleet under Rear Admiral Milne announced that the ships of His Royal Highness had dropped anchor in the Chebucto Harbor.

Near twelve o'clock silence reigned over the vast crowds which filled the city, and lined every platform and standing place in the Dockyard.

A few minutes before noon a barge with the royal standard at the bow was seen to leave the Hero. Amid deafening cannon peals from ship, citadel and fort, cheers from the crews which manned the yards of the ships, and shouts of welcome from the thousands on shore, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, landed on the shore of Nova Scotia. The Admiral, the Governor, Bishops and Generals, Judges and Councillors, Mayor and Sheriff, military and civil officers, and a host of

spectators from all parts of the Province, received him in the dockyard.

After the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Earl of St. Germains, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, Major-General the Hon. R. Bruce, Governor of the Prince, Major Teesdale, R. A., and Capt. G. Gray, and Dr. Aukland, had been welcomed by the Admiral, by whom the Governor and other distinguished individuals were presented to him, an address was read by the Recorder of the city, which welcomed him under the style and title of

"His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Prince of the United Kingdom, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Dublin, Chester and Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, Knight of the Garter, &c., &c."

After this address and a reply from the Prince had been read, the distinguished party mounted their horses and proceeded towards Government House. On the Prince's right rode His Excellency Earl Mulgrave, on his left the Duke of Newcastle. He was preceded by Major-General Trollope, officers of his staff and civic functionaries, and followed by General Bruce, the Earl of St. Germain's, and by

Judges, Members of Government, of both Houses of Parliament, Sheriff, Custos and Heads of Departments.

This *cortege*, augmented by the various societies, companies and clubs, proceeded to Government House, through streets lined from the dockyard by the firemen in uniform, the clubs—the Caledonia, North British, Highland, Irish, St. George's, Carpenters and Temperance Societies—the Volunteers, Masons, Engineers, and the guard of honor formed by the 62nd and 63rd Regiments.

When the royal stranger came to the Parade four thousand children rose and greeted him with a song of welcome. In the words of the National Anthem their infant voices were taking an oath of allegiance to maintain the British throne.

This continent never before witnessed such a pageant as was then passing. The heir of an empire, over which shines an unsetting sun, uncovered, listening to the children's song.

In front of the youthful choir a masonic arch was erected, which told him that his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, laid the corner stone of the Mason Lodge.

In the rear of the arch stood the monument which Nova Scotia had raised to her sons slain in the Crimea in defence of England's empire. The eye rests for a moment on the children in white

dresses, the ladies in the balconies, the arches festooned with flowers and evergreens, the staff in brilliant uniforms, the clergy in black cloth, civilians in many colored garbs, firemen in red shirts, Mic-Macs, Africans, but none of the squalid poverty which mark the old world cities. The gay silken banners of the trades, and the flags from ship, citadel and housetop, was a brilliant spectacle. On, on the procession passes, and the portals of Government House close on the greatest of earth's princes.

Memory turns to the sublime record of a Prince entering the capital of a far off country, more than eighteen hundred years ago, of the multitudes, the spread garments and the strewn palms, many, many who that day cried crucify Him, crucify Him. Is not human nature the same still? Yes, truly; but the safeguard of Britain's Prince is now an open Bible, read and believed. An open, read Bible, has made Victoria's throne stable, when the thrones of other princes who have shut the blessed volume from the people have been overturned.

The clouds, which all the morning were threatening rain, now about noon poured down their torrents. The streets were deserted; and in the evening the illuminations from the fleet were obscured by the dense fog which enveloped the harbor and city.

July 31st. The sun rose in unclouded splendor,

chasing the fog from the city and the surrounding heights. We walked out early to view the decorations in the city before the pressure of the crowd in the streets.

The arches, composed principally of evergreens, owing to the rain retained nearly all their freshness and beauty. This sort of arch seen by an Englishman for the first time has a pleasing and novel effect.

We climb to the top of the citadel, which is a round hill rising nearly three hundred feet in height, directly in rear of the city. Fort George, constructed on the top of it, completely commands the city and harbor. The parapet is defended by thirty-two pounders, mounted on iron carriages. The works cover about six acres, and comprise a double line of massive granite forts. They are surrounded by a ditch sixty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, which has only a single drawbridge for an entrance. In case of a siege the inhabitants of the city could find protection within these underground walls. At the base a line of earthworks protect every salient angle. The whole defences are said to mount about four hundred guns.

Above our heads is the signal station, the place where all vessels are signalled to the city from Sambro, ten miles below or south of the entrance to the harbor. The first station, five miles down the harbor, is at York Redoubt. Ten miles below

York is Camperdown, and then Sambro Island. An order is transmitted in two minutes from the lowest station to the citadel—a distance of twenty miles.

From the fortifications on the citadel the eye involuntarily turns to the next stronghold, namely, George's Island, which is the principal defence of the harbor. Then Point Pleasant, besides each prominent point and island which commands both entrances, have round granite castles pierced for two tiers of guns built upon them, which yesterday poured forth powder and sound to welcome a prince, would to-morrow be equally as ready to pour shot and shell to sink an invader.

From the slope of the citadel westward the streets run at right angles. They are about one-half a mile wide, by two long, north and south. Sixteen churches, besides various other public buildings, are distinctly seen from this elevation.

To the east is a level plain or common. Here, near noon, was to be a grand review of the troops and volunteers by the Prince. The space between the hill and the ground allotted for the evolutions of the troops was fast filling up by thousands of civilians. The space allotted to the military was kept by a body of marines.

Soon the roll of the drum announces the first arrival of the military. Column after column march with measured tread, and take their place

on the ground, followed by the volunteers in really pleasing style, their sober grey uniforms contrasting finely with the scarlet coated regulars. The streets from Government House to the Common are densely thronged with a crowd waiting to see His Royal Highness leave Government House. Soon the royal standard floating over it begins to lower. As the last folds sink together His Royal Highness, with a brilliant suite, issues through the gateway and gallops to the Common. A salvo of artillery salutes the Prince of Wales' standard; the bands play the National Anthem; the crowds cheer. Now they deepen; the surging masses congregate around the centre occupied by the troops, where the Prince and a staff of twenty mounted officers ride up and down the lines, greeted by a flourish of trumpets. The troops, regulars and volunteer, march past the Prince in slow and quick time, saluting and being saluted with lowered colors and presented arms. Again the trumpets sound. The troops plunge with a seemingly desperate energy into a battle—a mock battle, to be sure—which is soon over. Amid cheer and shout the troops depart. Many spectators look with pride to the volunteers as they march off the ground, feeling that "a bold yeomanry is a country's pride."

And the Prince and suite retire.

The afternoon again finds the Common crowded

by anxious pleasure seekers. "The Prince! where is the Prince?" is the oft-repeated question. The swaying crowd opens to a group of horsemen in plain clothes, and the Prince is for the moment unrecognized. "There they are! That's the Prince!" and the loyal crowds throng him closely. In a short time the royal party passed through the immense crowds, rode through the suburbs, and paid a visit to the grounds of Mr. Downs, and spent a time in viewing his collection of animals.*

In the evening His Royal Highness attended a ball given in his honor at the Province Building. This ball was a brilliant affair. It was opened by His Royal Highness and the Countess of Mulgrave. If ever happiness deigned to dwell in a ball room, surely she might nestle here.

The illuminations of Her Majesty's six ships reminded us of our youthful impressions made by Aladdin's wonderful lamp. In a moment every cross and spar was a line of fire, which showed the hulls, while a fiery rush of rockets rose above the blue lights held aloft by the sailors, and burst into sparkling fiery prince's feathers, and died far away above the dark waters. Now the city blazes with quaint devices and words of welcome. The prettiest of many pretty spots was that of the space opposite

*See Appendix.

Government House;—the bright lights falling on the dark green foliage which overshadowed the stony lion erected in memory of Parker and Welsford.

Aug. 1st. Rose with a bright sun and a refreshing breeze, very favorable for the regatta which took place on the noble harbor.

This forenoon His Royal Highness held a levee, where numbers of persons from all parts of the country were presented to the distinguished stranger. In the afternoon he reviewed the regatta from the Nile, and then steamed up Bedford Basin to see the ruins of the residence of his grandfather Edward Duke of Kent. Crowds await in the dockyard his return. Everywhere his appearance is greeted by enthusiastic cheers.

In the evening there is a grand procession of the Fire Brigade, their engines gaily decorated, and a most magnificent display of fireworks from the glacis of the citadel.

Aug. 2. The longest visit to earth must end: so those loyal troops of strangers who flocked to do homage to their prince are fast departing to their homes. Train after train has departed to the country. A special train awaits His Royal Highness at Richmond. He enters the car, followed by the Countess of Mulgrave, Lady Trollope, Earl Mulgrave, the Admiral, the General, the members of

his suite, and many others, accompanying him, the ships and forts firing a farewell salute.

In one and a half hours the royal party arrive in Windsor, the shire town of Hants County. Here, as well as in every part of the Province, the same hearty demonstrations of loyalty and affection await him.

The royal party breakfast at the Clifton. Addresses were presented, the crowds cheered, and the royal party left for Hantsport. The town was most tastefully decorated; arches, banners, and flags, met the eye in every direction; the platform of the Clifton on which the Prince stood was covered by an awning of crimson damask, surmounted with the Prince's feather and motto "Ich Dien;" the balconies were filled with ladies and children; a collossal arch, in Roman triumphal style, covered with evergreens, were among the most conspicuous objects.

At Hantsport the royal party embark. Amid the roars of artillery and deafening cheers the Prince leaves Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER III.

Bedford—Railroad—Shubenacadie—Gay's River—What the tide says—Stewiacke Indians—Truro—Black Rock—View from the Hill—Onslow—Down the shore—Across the Bay—Maitland—Ships—Quarries.

In the latter part of September Mr. Urban and his friend left Halifax by rail to see the eastern part of the Province.

Six miles from the city are the ruins of the Prince's Lodge. This once imposing edifice was erected by His Royal Higness Edward Duke of Kent, who in 1798 had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in British North America. At the head of Bedford Basin he established his headquarters.

After the lapse of half a century, nature has reclaimed the lawns and pleasure grounds; the bowling green is crossed by the railway; the whistle of the engines is the only music which now awakes echoes in the old music house. A few Lombardy poplars and tumble down brick and timber choking up what had been an artificial lake, mark the site of the royal residence, once the pride of Nova Scotia.

"Before entering," remarked Mr. Urban, "the

region where spruce nods to spruce, and each rock is like his brother, let us enjoy for a moment the prospect which appears to me to be very lovely when in the calm of a glorious autumn evening."

The setting sun's fast fading ray
Is flashing on Chebucto Bay,
Where white-sailed boats with oars at rest
Sit swan-like on the foamy crest;
Steamer and ship securely ride,
While sunlit waves break on their side.
Yon islet crowned with massive fort
As sentry stands to guard the port:
Below McNab's fair isle is spread;
The lighthouse glows from Sambro's head.
See Dartmouth and her placid lakes,
Her hills of spruce and feathery brakes:
What beauteous villas dot her shore,
Where warbling birds sweet music pour
From groves where every shade of green
Worn by Acadia's woods is seen.
Halifax on the hill slope lies;
Nature and art her strength supplies:
Battery and moat, forts great and small—
Britannia's flag o'ershadows all.
See window, dome, with cross and spire,
Are glowing in the mimic fire.
In vain the painter's art or dye—
Nought imitates yon gorgeous sky,
Daguerreing on calm Bedford's flood
The colors of the autumn wood
Which fringe the Basin's rocky side;
Beach, birch and fir lean o'er the tide
(Each gnarled stem, each varied hue,
Perfect as if on earth they grew,)
That gurgles round the islet's crest,
Where haughty D'Anville's bones do rest,

Hiding from anxious gazer's view
Treasure and ship, cannon and crew;
Laving yon sylvan cool retreat,
The Prince's Lodge—Prince Edward's seat.
Here all the grounds in days of yore
An English landscape training bore.
And art concealing art was found
By lavish hand all scattered round;
Then here in rich profusion grew
The hawthorn hedge and spreading yew;
Rare flowers, the pride of Britain's soil,
Rewarded here the gardener's toil.
Then at the princely mansion's gate
An armed retinue did wait
On gallant gay and lady fair,
While martial music filled the air.
But naught remains of hall or bower
Save the small round music tower,
Whose Gothic dome and golden ball
The long lost princely days recall.
Now spruce and fir and hemlock throw
Their shadows thick, and thistles grow
On paths and lawn; but round the hill
Are rock-hewn step and gurgling rill
Which lead to the grey rocking stone
So nicely poised by hand unknown.
Moss chokes the grots, yet quaint and deep,
And evegreens and mayflowers creep
'Mid pigeon-berries ruby red,
Where timid rabbits make their bed,
And playful squirrels leap o'er head.
The murmuring brook, now spreading wide,
Through broken cisterns swift do glide,
Delivering, as it did of yore,
To Bedford's wave its tribute store.

We enter the railway carriage, and are whirled round Bedford Basin, past Sackville—lose sight of

the city—over bridges—now past the lakes and the ice stores. "Windsor Junction," says the conductor, as the train stops for a moment, and we see the diverging line of rails laid over rocks. "All on board." And we move on—on through hemlock forests and rocky barrens. Past lakes, sparkling in the sunbeams, and reflecting the huge granite cliffs which rise from their margin, sometimes grey, cold and bare, sometimes clothed with hanging wood, a duck or a loon winging its solitary way to the distant beyond. How silent the forest! You might travel for miles and hear only the sound of your own footfalls, the lapping of the water on the shingle of the lake sides, or the sound of the wind through the trees. Only for the rails and the cars you would think that here man had forgotten his prerogative to be a fellow-worker with his Maker in the rearing and adorning the fitting and the beautiful.

Now we pass Elmsdale and the down train from Truro. Here the Nine Mile River delivers its tribute waters to the Shubenacadie. In passing the eye catches sight of a narrow vale, elm trees, brick kilns, potteries, and two small churches.

"To our left," remarked Mr. Urban, "extends the Settlement of the Nine Mile River, which is an excellent farming district."*

*Since well known for its gold fields. Renfrew and Oldham are near Elmsdale Station.

"That river," he added, "is the Shubenacadie," pointing to a lazy stream between two clover banks.

"The French had settled on this river. These old willows were always planted around their dwellings," pointing to a couple of old trees on our right, as the train stopped, and we stepped on to the platform at the Shubenacadie Station, and walked to view a long narrow valley watered by this same stream, now grown lazier, muddier and broader. It was rather a pretty place this small village on the Shubenacadie.

"Let us," said my friend, "spend a day here, and drive up the Colchester side of the river."

We readily consented.

We strolled up the hill to our right, and from it had a fine view of the surrounding neighborhood. The upland rises gently from the level marsh through which the sluggish river is winding its sinuous course.

On our left is the station from which the train has just departed, crossing a very high tubular iron bridge over the river. Here are also the inns, post office, steam mills, and a Catholic chapel, surmounted by tower and cross. On the right of the railway is a Presbyterian church and burial ground standing on a spot of table land between the hill and the intervale, enclosed by neat white palings. Some twenty years ago this spot was

chosen for its quiet seclusion. Now it is in the centre of a rising village.

Over the river which divides Hants from Colchester is the residence of F. R. P., Esq., member of P. P. for Eastern Colchester, who is a practical farmer, as his excellent farm gives ample proofs. We cross the bridge and keep the road up the river. On its margin are several neat cottages, and the manse, finely sheltered by trees. The farm houses are all built on the sloping uplands, surrounded by farms, divided by substantial zigzag fences.

In a few minutes we crossed the St. Andrew, a small stream bordered with intervales, and emptying into the Shubenacadie.

From St. Andrew our way lay through a barren swamp covered with tangled furze and alder bushes. Soon a turn in the road brought again to view a magnificent expanse of hay land several hundred acres in extent, unbroken except by a point of upland touching the river. At this point, on the Maypole Brook, the stream is fringed by trees. Here the roads curving round the uplands lead the traveller to Gay's River and its Settlement.

Leaving the new level road for the sake of the view, we climb the hills on the old one, and have a fine expanse of country spread out before us. Colchester, Halifax and Hants Counties here join each other, and the valleys of the Gay's and Shu-

benacadie Rivers unite, shaded by fine old trees, and bounded by beautiful sloping hills which appear to have been all cultivated. The whole of this fine agricultural district in the rear is skirted by woodland. Square black spots in the edge of the forest show where the farmer is steadily encroaching on nature's domains.

A mile from the Shubenacadie the road skirts Gay's River, which here is a broad clear stream, rolling pleasantly along the bottom of a ravine. There is very little intervale on Gay's River above the mills.

On the old Cobequid road the settlement extends several miles. The farms are upland. The buildings comprise mills for sawing, carding, &c., stores, an Episcopal and Presbyterian church. The site of the latter is very pretty. The enclosure is divided by gravelled walks, and planted with trees, which in a few years will add to its present beauty. For miles around the eye catches glimpses of clearings and houses. The country appears to be hilly. In the vicinity of Gay's River the rocky land, extending from the Atlantic, merges into arable soil, rich in copper and minerals, which may yet prove profitable investments.*

*Since the above was written gold has been discovered about three miles from Gay's River, on land originally granted to G. Campbell, Esq., and now owned by Messrs. Gay and others. For the amount of capital expended, the returns have been very remunerative.—*Extract of Letter, July*, 1861.

Next morning we resume our seat in the cars. We cross the Shubenacadie, which, rising in a chain of lakes near Dartmouth, forms a chain—a link—girdling the Province from the seaboard to the Atlantic, and receiving the waters of the Black Brook, Gay's River, St. Andrew's and Stewiacke rivers, Green's and Pitch Brook from the east, with Nine Mile and Five Mile rivers to the west. For some two hundred years after the French settled the Province it was the only highway. A fort erected by them gives a name to the point at the mouth of the Stewiacke. A short distance above, on the opposite side from the fort, still retains the name of Mass House, corrupted into *Mess House*. Here is an old French cemetery.

"Does this river run two ways at the same time," exclaimed a traveller. "Here is drift wood floating upward in the centre of the stream, and near the bank its course is downward."

"That is the tide," replied Mr. Urban; "the tide which gives to those intervales and marshes situated on the Bay of Minas and Cobequid their unrivalled superiority as grass-bearing lands, some of them having been cultivated for two hundred and fifty years. This Bay was navigated by Europeans in the year Queen Elizabeth died.

"Perhaps," added Mr. Urban, addressing his friend, "you would like to hear what the tide says?"

THE SONG OF FUNDY'S TIDE.

My sanguine wave's wild upward roar
Is booming first on Fundy's shore;
O'er flats and sedges next do glide
The bass and trebles of my tide;
The shoals dissolved form turbid waves.
The rising torrent upward raves;
Through channel, creek and estu'ry,
Dash surging, whirling, foaming sea;
Rolls through DeMont's old Royal Port:
Fills the Laquille of Pontricourt,
Where France, to claim a new-found world.
Of yore her fleur-de-lis unfurled.
From Cape D'Or I washed a gem
Which decks the Bourbon's diadem;
Past Granville, where the golden wheat
First grew, the farmer's eyes to greet:
There, on the rock, Dumonts did fix
The date sixteen hundred and six.
Next past Cape Split and Blomidom
The centre bore snow-white does run.
Fills Minas's Trappean shore,
Which garners here the watery store.
Where nineteen tribute rivers flow
Through rich prairies, I come and go:
I dash salt spray the willows o'er,
Which, pensile, fringe my oozy shore.
Grieving (naught else was left to grieve)
The unreturned, who forced, did leave
Their native soil, those rich prairies.
Captives where freedom was not free.
And in my wake the sea-fog flies—
Shadowy as ghost it seems to rise,
Hovering o'er old Acadian mounds,
Batteaux and dykes, dim floating round.
Like spirits of the exiled dead
Revisiting their old homestead.

But for to see the tide aright,
Stand on the bank at full moonlight
Where Shubenacadie deep breaks
(The offspring of five placid lakes)
Through intervales, and ceaseless rolls
The fine red sand in shelving shoals.
Six times ten feet rise o'er Black Rock,
Which all my eddying surges mock,
Bathing White Rock and Anthony's Nose,
Thence pitching past Fort Ellis goes.
Riding, like demons on the wind,
The crashing drift-wreck there you find
Rounding the points, the trembling chokes
Catch, sink, then rise crashing unbroke,
Headlong plunging in mad career.
Battering the dykes and railway pier,
In strong mid current upward run,
And both the counter currents shun,
Enriching the soil in marsh and fen,
Moistening the grass, unseen by men.
When at high water mark I stand,
Water around where late was land:
A shadowy awe steals o'er the mind—
Why did the watery waste unbind?
Why does it not this line o'erflow?
My Maker said, "No farther go!"
My obedient waves at once obey,
And backward turn without delay.
Like them your daily task fulfil,
Turning your steps to do His will.

"This is the Stewiacke," said my friend, "which flows through a picturesque valley a distance of some thirty miles. Shady trees on the banks of the stream, bordered by level intervale, recall to the traveller a little of English scenery."

The fine agricultural vale of the Stewiacke is one of the lovely spots in Nova Scotia. It is inland. The uplands are undulating, rising very gradually by the river intervale, and are broken by numbers of brooks, and a large extent of meadows, enabling the farmers to rear their stock at a small outlay. To the east is a large barren famed for cranberries.

In the surrounding country may be seen mills and manufactories for carding, spinning, weaving, &c., and for grinding grain. The crops are in a measure gathered and thrashed by machinery. Substantial farm houses, large barns, granaries, as well as several churches and schoolhouses attest the wealth and intelligence of these Stewiacke farmers. The venerable Dr. ———, Theological Professor of the Presbyterian College, resides in Stewiacke.

The river is narrow. It, as well as the other rivers on the Bay, abounds in salmon, shad, smelts and eels.

"Salmon spearing was a favorite pastime with the Indians and early French," remarked Mr. Urban. "On a dark night, the darker the better for the purpose, a canoe containing two persons, one provided with a spear affixed to a long handle, and a roll of birch bark for flambeaux, proceeded above the pools where the salmon love to play. The spearman stood in the canoe, his companion

guided it, a flaming torch of birch bark being affixed to the side. Thus equipped, they noiselessly glided down the stream, the glaring light attracting the fish to the surface. On its appearance the spearman throws his dart, and pierces it through. On the precision of his aim depends his success, a clever and experienced hand often capturing ten or a dozen large salmon in a night. The deep lurid glare of the birch bark torch—the dark water—the fantastic shapes assumed by the foliage on the then densely wooded banks—the midnight silence, unbroken except by the splashing of a wounded fish—made salmon spearing exciting as well as remunerative. The Indian's light canoe was particularly adapted to this sport.

This valley was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians. Here the fleet carriboo and the stately moose came down from the uplands to slake their thirst in the stream. On these brooks and gullies the beaver loved to build his dam. Much of the brook intervale was formed by those animals choking the streams. Foxes, bears and otters were very abundant in these woods.

"Have many traditions or tales been preserved of the Indians?" we asked Mr. Urban.

"None; or at least very few," was the reply.

"On the Stewiacke the last *raid* of the Mohawk was made in Nova Scotia," he added.

"Did they commit many depredations?" we asked.

"When Wilmot, as the first settlers called this district, was settled only by a few families, an Indian was encamped on the river side near where the Presbyterian Church in the Middle Settlement now stands. He was a fine, tall dignified man, his countenance grave, his step firm and elastic. He was on friendly terms with his new neighbors. One morning he came to the nearest dwelling, his features stiff and rigid.

"'My child,' said he, 'lost—stolen!'

"'By white man?'

"'No, by Mohawk; Mohawk the enemy of the Mic-Mac.'

"'Never Mohawk came from Canada to steal your child.' For the alarm having been given, the white men all came to assist Nustus in his search. 'We will find your child, alive or dead.'

"After several days' fruitless search in wood and stream they returned to their homes. No tidings were ever heard of the child. Whether stolen or not by the Mohawk was never known."

"Is it not a pity that Nova Scotia possesses so very few records of the Indians?"

"Yes," said my friend, "it is sad, very sad. If the early Indians' records had been preserved much light might probably have been thrown on them as

a people. The facility they showed in adopting the religion, dress, &c., of the French, prove how susceptible the race was to kindness. The fine old men, the Pauls and others, are gone, giving place to an inferior generation. The blue coat and leggings are replaced by some farmer's cast off grey homespun suit."

ODE.

On Eastern lands whose suns have set
A twilight dimness lingers yet;
Mythology, wild, dim, remote,
Does like an ignus fatuus float,
Shedding a vague, uncertain light
Round hieroglyphics—stars in night—
These lithographs exhumed, they cry
Loud from the dead to those who die.
Aborigines! stern history throws
Upon your pastimes and your woes
No light—no light! Your fires are out:
A stranger race their watchword shout
Upon your ancient hills; your plains
Are laden now with golden grain.
Where carriboo and moose did bound
The railway spans that hunting ground,
And telegraphic wires are through
The floods where skimmed your bark canoe.
Your children, by our vice debased,
Are nearly from the earth erased,
While the true path from earth to Heaven
Is dimly to their vision given;
Flying in civilization's van,
Your vacant plains the white men scan;
Reversing all the dread command,
They covet, take your native land.

In vain to them does scripture bring
The tale that moved Israel's king,
But o'er the land they bear the sway,
Plant deep the seeds of your decay,
With niggard hand you food deny—
Acadia's children fade and die.
Thus lost—lost—oblivion veils
In her dark folds your thrilling tales.
Gone is the Indian and his toil,
Leaving no mark upon her soil,
And mysteries deep o'er him remain—
Where he is gone, or whence he came.

From Stewiacke to Brookfield the road lay for the most part through hemlock forests, peaty swamps and bogs. Brookfield, watered by several small streams, is a level place, with but small clearings. The woods, which are not far distant, bound our view. As this is the nearest station to Middle and Upper Stewiacke, a large amount of freight and passengers are left here.

Again the whistle sounds—the train is in motion; in a few moments we catch glimpses of an undulating country, thickly dotted with buildings, and are in Truro, sixty miles from Halifax.

A pretty place this Truro, the county town of Colchester County, lying on a strip of table land at the head of the Bay of Cobequid. The surrounding country is well cultivated and agreeably undulated with sloping hill and spreading dale. An expanse of marsh land watered by the Salmon and North

rivers stretches to Onslow, Cobequid Mountains in the rear veiling their rich ores beneath a heavy growth of forest trees.

At the station Mr. Urban met D. Dennie, Esq., and Captain V., who propose a drive. After enjoying an excellent dinner at an hotel, the party drove out to see the Black Rock at the mouth of the Shubenacadie.

How pleasant, as we roll over the road in a double wagon, drawn by a span of horses. We pass the old churchyard down the Bay, near the marshes—pass an old Indian burial ground on Savage Island—pass highly cultivated farms with houses which remind you of suburban villas—pass numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep feeding in the broad green marshes.

"Here is Old Barns," said D. Dennie, Esquire, as we ascended a steep hill, and viewed a lovely prospect bounded by the broad Bay of Cobequid.

"Where?" was our querie, as our eye wandered from one fine-looking homestead to the next one. The houses were surrounded by gardens and orchards, the fields were divided by good fences, the barns and stables large, and no old barns as we could detect.

"Oh!" said D. Dennie, Esquire, smiling, "the name, I mean."

"It is not very euphonious," observed Captain V.

"But it is a very expressive one," remarked Mr. Urban, "though Clifton is to be its future name. Here the barns of the old French Acadians stood when the English settlers came to the place."

"Oh, then! are we riding over a conquered country, Mr. Urban?"

"Certainly," was his reply. "But what country has not been conquered? Answer me that, oh, my friend! ye who sigh over the woes of some fancy Evangeline."

Now turn we to the left, the fields dotted with heaps of mud from the neighboring shore—drive past the churches, and through the vale of the Beaver Brook—now up a long hill of fine hardwood, and yonder is the Shubenacadie.

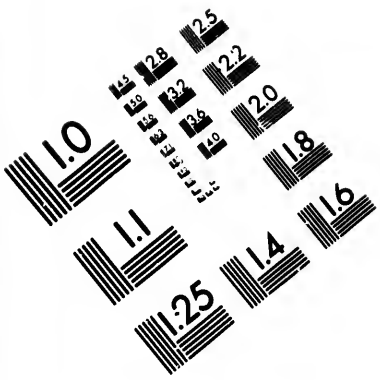
Captain V. proposed a walk across the fields, thus enabling the party to visit the plaster quarries on Pitch Brook, while the carriage drove round the hill, thus saving a *detour* of some length. The party readily consented; and turning to our right we were rewarded with a most magnificent view of Nova Scotia scenery.

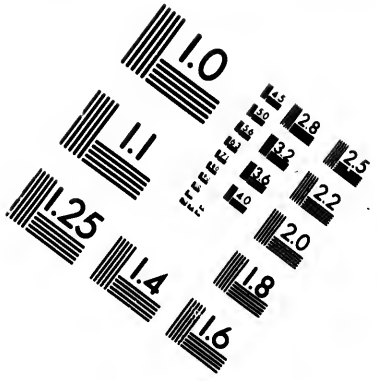
In front was the river, which, filled with a calm tide, was here upwards of a mile in breadth. Its steep, almost precipitous banks, shaped by the water into most fantastical appearances, are in places shaded and overhung by trees of great beauty, while the setting sun flings their shadows

far over the tide. Prince Port was at our feet, with a ship on the stocks. Men on the wharf busy loading a bark with gypsum. Opposite us, across the river, was Maitland, in Hants County; farther up were the settlements of Rockville and Five Mile River—the former owing its name to a snowy cliff of gypsum; while to the right, as far as the eye could reach, extended the waters of the Bay. A few minutes walk brought us to the edge of a ravine. We clambered down its rugged side, and stood in front of a high mural precipice of gypsum. Quantities of the broken rock lay around, which is drawn in wagons to the river for transportation to the United States. Small streams of clear water trickled from crevices in the rock, and formed a small brook, which ran along the bottom of this narrow ravine. We walked down this stream to regain the highway. Hemlocks of immense size grew far above our heads, while the small trees which overhung the uneven and precipitous sides completely canopied the narrow chasm. Starting a covey of partridges, our friends waited for a shot.

We sought the river bank, where we had a fine view of the magnificent bay and the broad river, whose muddy, yesty, foamy current ran strongly up the centre, while the line of wet sand on the shores shows that the tide has fallen several inches; while away, away down, extend the turbid waves

of the Cobequid. The tide of Fundy stands where the *ipse dixit* of God commanded, when he separated the waters from the land. Through the centuries long gone, since the days of Moses—perhaps the days of Adam—for who can tell if the deluge necessarily changed the earth's surface, it has flashed in the sun's beams, reflecting the morning's glory, and the evening's setting splendor, as it returned to its restricted place at its appointed time, with its wealth of turbid waves; and in the long gone centuries that have one by one gone bye what changes may it not have witnessed. If my fancy be correct (and who can disprove its correctness), the tides of Fundy may have commenced to roll here ere sin entered our world, or man dwelt upon it: nay, as soon as the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Who can tell how many ages it was a solitary visitor to these shores. This continent has seen changes which history does not record. Nova Scotia may have been the dwelling place of successive races ere our brief Anglo-Saxon race as a people began to inhabit it. Many thousands of years since old age may have stood on its banks, noting the regularity of its flow and ebb. Here, beneath the glorious light of the autumn moon, manhood may have gazed awe-stricken as this "manitow" of the briny deep drove his wavy way up to the line





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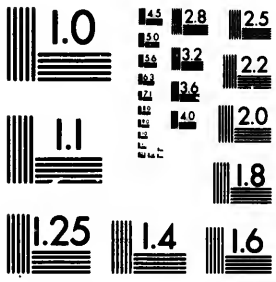

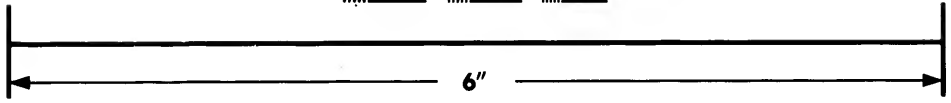

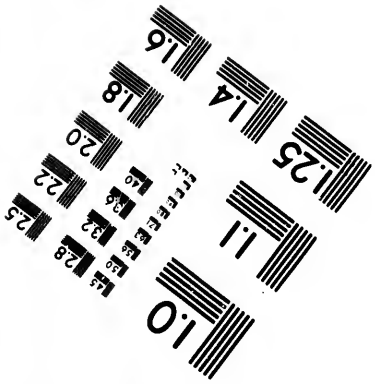

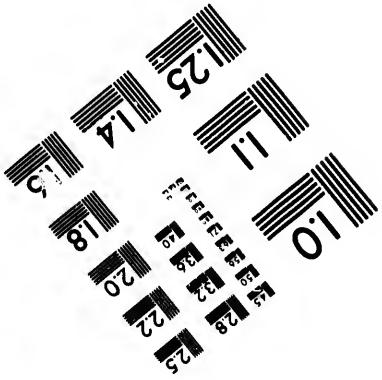

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of the beaver's dam. There, enveloped in his airy, hazy shroud of fog, at evening, morn or midnight, withdrawing his footfalls as silently as he came. Youth may have vowed enduring love by the constancy suggested by its unchanging returns. This attribute of constancy or unchangeableness, which man as a race so much admires and reverences, because it is so opposed to his own nature, and so impossible of attainment—that very immutability may have attracted the worship of nations; and in the unstoried ages altar fires may have burned at high water mark, and the smoke of incense may have mingled with the mists which came with the tide, as warrior after warrior in his light birch bark was lifted from the earth, and floated swiftly on the tide to revisit old, or explore new hunting grounds.

As the years roll on pale faces gaze on the coming waters, while the cross, the memento of that day when the darkened sun refused to shine upon the face of nature, is held up to Heaven, as day by day the strangers see the waves rise higher and higher. These pass, and in the coming years cultivation opens new scenes—the struggle of the conquered and the conquerors——

My reverie was interrupted by the appearance of our friends. We started on our return to the village, the Captain and Mr. Urban discussing the

future of Nova Scotia—the timber and the fisheries, the mineral and agricultural resources.

"This one County," remarked Mr. Urban, "which was without inhabitants one hundred years ago, now contains (per present census) 20,045 souls, with 50 places of worship and 102 schoolhouses, 33 grist and 123 saw mills, 15 carding and 19 shingle mills, 3 fulling mills, 5 tanneries, 1 shoe factory, 1 saw and planing mill, 1 iron foundry, 3 lathe mills and 1 plaster mill. The estimated value of the real and personal property is $5,060,000, and 24 paupers only to maintain in the County."

"What quantity of marsh is in the County?" I enquired.

"5,803 acres of salt and dyked marsh, 10,646 acres of cultivated intervale, and 61,583 of cultivated uplands, producing 33,101 tons of hay and 27,360 bushels of wheat, 8,968 bushels of barley, 3,508 bushels of rye, 192,976 bushels of oats, 38,511 bushels of buckwheat, 198 bushels of Indian corn, 2,431 bushels of peas and beans, 358,001 bushels of potatoes, 48,310 bushels of turnips, and 900 bushels of timothy seed: also, apples and plums. 8,789 cows supply us with butter and cheese; 27,494 sheep give employment to 1,227 hand looms, which manufacture 120,810 yards of cloth. Our maple trees yield 26,578 lbs. of sugar. We have bricks, grindstones, gypsum, coal and iron from our soil;

and our streams and bays supply cod, mackerel, shad, herrings, alewives and salmon; while flax can be cultivated to any extent, and——"

"Hold, hold, I beg of you," exclaimed Mr. Dennie; "don't go into the hemp and shipping capabilities of this fine County of Colchester. A truce to statistics. There is Savage Island, and its pages of unwritten history. How different its appearance to-night—with the sheep lying quietly on its green slope, and the long shadows sweeping over the closely mown marshes—to that which it presented to the men who broke the virgin sod to admit the first sleeper to the bosom of his mother earth."

We viewed the island to which our attention was directed. The level marsh for some distance below it is unbroken. From this smooth expanse rises the gentle slope of Savage Island. To the bay it has a steep, nearly perpendicular front, which the winds and the waves are continually wearing away. Silvery birches and evergreen spruces shade this side, and seem to protect and watch over this spot, so lonely, so lovely, and so neglected. It contains about ten acres. For its very poetic name it is indebted to an early Irish proprietor.

It possesses peculiar attractions for those who, like my friend, are fond of cherishing the reminiscences of early provincial history. It was the burial

place of the French, who first owned these fertile marshes. After their expulsion it was used by the Indians and Roman Catholics. Neither cross nor broken arch now adorns it. A single sculptured stone, with a Latin inscription, attests the once consecrated ground. It is now the haunt of the pleasure seeker, or the student of medicine, who, from its sandy side, picks up a relic of departed humanity.

No Indian who hoped that his tribe would not neglect their annual visit to his grave when he had sought the spirit land: no lonely exile, who desired to rest near the ocean, so that after death some kindly hand from the land of his fathers might plant a cross upon his grave, yet dreaded the stormy winds, the raging waves, and the rock-bound Atlantic coast: no man in the weakness of his human nature, who dreads the overcrowded city cemetery, or the yet more fearful uncoffined gory battlefield trench, but who would wish rather to lie where the spring birds might warble, and the summer's sun might shine; where the wild flowers might bloom, and the quiet beauties of a glad pastoral land be above and around him—we know of no spot so congenial to such a frame of mind as the old burying ground of Savage Island.

At the head of ship navigation, scarcely a mile above Savage Island, the main road through British

North America crosses Cobequid Bay, which is here spanned by a new, elegant and substantial bridge. Between the bridge and Truro Courthouse, a distance of two miles, is another upland island. It, also, is a spot of great natural beauty, the burial ground and the site of the Presbyterian *Meeting House*, bounded by a creek and sheltered by trees. This place is an object of veneration to the descendants of the first settlers of Truro. Their fathers after only eight day's residence in this new and adopted country chose it for the stated worship of God, and built a church on it.

It excites a melancholy interest from the fact that a past generation, as well as the early fathers, and many, very many, of the present one, are reposing in peace beneath its green sod.

Some of the old tomb-stones are so moss-covered that the inscriptions are scarcely legible, while the graves are completely concealed by wild rose and flowering shrubs. It is a matter of regret to the visitor that the old church should have been removed. The sight of the place where the wise and the good of bygone generations preached and prayed, awes and solemnizes the mind. But the old meeting house is gone: broken timber, stone and mortar mark its site.

Lower Truro, below the old church, is a continuation from the Old Barns of fine farms, with good

houses and barns, situated on the undulating uplands which rise gently from the marshes. The farms, judging from their surroundings, are in a high state of cultivation. From the old church to the court-house square are several fine residences; thence the town is built on a strip of table land, about, so far as I can judge, one-quarter of a mile in width, and three-fourths of a mile in length. It is laid out in two parallel streets, running east and west, named, in honor of the royal visit, Queen and Prince streets. The square is surrounded by the court-house, public offices, and several fine hotels and stores. To the right is the road leading to Halifax. Going to the east, up Prince-street, you pass neat two storey dwellings, the Normal College and Model Schools, with flower garden enclosed with white palings; in the rear, the play grounds and model farm, enclosed by green spruce hedges. Nearly opposite, on your left hand, in the centre of a green square, stands the Presbyterian Church—a fine building with a tall belfry and deep-toned bell. The College of the Presbyterian Church of N. S. —a stately edifice, with a silvery cupola—is on Queen-street, nearly opposite the church. Its situation is very pleasant, overlooking the green intervales which are bounded by the uplands of Onslow and North River, the sinuous course of the Salmon River being marked by the elms and ashes

on its margin. In the square adjoining the Presbyterian church stands the Episcopal church, a very well proportioned building with a spire and bell. A short distance brings you to the Methodist chapel, shaded by old willow trees. The space on your right, between the Normal College property and the old mill stream, has been taken up by the railway station. The railway offices, several new and spacious hotels, new streets and dwellings have been, or are being erected in this neighborhood. Prince-street extends for some two or three miles as a road for the inhabitants who have built on the edge of the uplands eastward from the village. Crossing from Prince to Queen-street, at the head of the table land, we pass the old Academy, not so well known in the political world as the far-famed Pictou Academy, yet many youth have gone from its halls who by their talents and enterprise have done much to make their native land known and respected. The Baptist chapel is on the corner of Queen-street, leading over the Salmon River bridge; in the rear of the chapel is the Old Mills.

Across the river the street over the intervale is shaded by umbrageous willows, which extend to the Hill. There the early settlers built their court-house, and kept their public offices and records, which modern taste has removed across the river. Here, also, overlooking the smooth intervale, is the

homestead of the late Honorable S. G. W. Archibald, Master of the Rolls, whose urbane manners and brilliant talents will be long remembered by his countrymen.

On the rising uplands the situation of some cottages is one of great beauty.

A shady, gravelly walk leads to the residence of the Rev. ————, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Creepers and grape vines climb over the sides of the dwelling. The garden extends to the river bank, which here is a steep cliff of red sandstone, at the foot of which the broad shallow stream of the Salmon ripples pleasantly along the edge of the narrow valley, where the sheep and kine enjoy abundant pasturage. Opposite are the residences of the Rev. Dr. Forrester, Superintendent of Education, and of the Hon. A. G. Archibald, M. P. P. for the County. In the woods, in rear of his grounds, is a very fine cascade, formed by a narrow woodland stream tumbling over a ledge of rock. Its mossy banks are the favorite resort of the village youth in search of mayflowers and evergreens. The settlements of Harmony and Greenfield are on the uplands a few miles from the river.

Thus climb the hill o'er Truro's vale,
When summer woos the wandering gale;
Where to review each well known scene
Fair fancy's footsteps oft hath been:

The hawthorn hedge, the pale blue bell,
The willow o'er the holy well,
The woods which clothe the upland's crest,
The cascade tumbling from its breast,
Broad trees which shade the bridge's street,
Where feathered choirs the daybreak greet,
The spot with wild rose clustering, where
The Fathers raised the house of prayer;
There spruce and alder shadows sweep—
Those Fathers and their children sleep;
The village nestling by the river,
Where aged elms and ashes quiver;
The azure smoke-cloud from the train,
Darting along the woody plain;
The babbling brook around the hill,
Which once did turn the noisy mill;
Church steeples pointing to the sky,
Asking the careless gazer, Why?
Here learning plumes her callow wing,
And youth and hope "exulting sing;"
And rural sights at evening's close
With childhood's shouts here mingling rose;
Large creaking wains of new-made hay;
Cows lowing on their homeward way;
The turkey's brood; the plaintive lamb,
Fold-parted from its bleating dam;
The swallow twittering on the eaves;
The farmer whistling 'mong his sheaves;
While cheerful maids, in garments gay,
Woo the soft breeze at close of day;
And as the day embraces night,
Stars peeping through the pale twilight,
The Onslow hills loom from the blue,
And o'erfraught Folly bounds the view;
The Salmon River's silver thread
Through rich alluvium on is led,
Mingling, near Savage's lone isle,
Its waters brought from woodlands wild
With Fundy's rough and turbid waves,

To spread around these nameless graves.
How mournfully the tide does sound,
Laving that island burial ground—
All that this race did of them know,
Was—that they slept there long ago!

The road to Onslow is round the head of this marsh. The uplands on North River have a rolling, hilly aspect, stretching away over the country like waves of the sea after a storm. Onslow is a township; but as yet, it is only a succession of fine farms, extending from the bay to the limits of the township on the Chigonois River. This river has its source in a lake near the summit of the Cobequid Hills. The lake is several miles in circumference, and its situation is romantic. A large rock rises boldly in the centre, around which its clear waters, unruffled by any wind, float in unbroken stillness. The wild and precipitous heights which environ it are clothed with trees of great beauty, the hanging branches, covered with drooping foliage, shadowing the lichens which chase and chequer the rocks with purple and silver. At some distance below the lake is a very beautiful cascade, formed by the river tumbling over a precipitous ledge of rock forty feet in height. The stream above the fall is about thirty-five feet in breadth. The headlong fury of the rushing waters, the leaves on the trees tossing to and fro in sympathy

with the wild water, which now steals quietly down the gorge, kissing the banks, and seemingly glad to enjoy the shade and solitude of the trees and flowers which overhang them, conspire to raise the mind from the contemplation of Nature to Nature's God. About four miles from its mouth it meets the tide. Sometimes its course is between steep rugged banks, having a sombre and gloomy appearance, anon through finely sheltered but small intervales. Near the mouth is a fine piece of recently formed marsh, (for within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the river extended from its present channel to a pretty upland knoll in the Fort Belcher marsh,) the steep wooded side of this knoll being at one time the boundary of the stream. On this knoll was found a small lot of French coin, probably hidden by some exile. The fort was on the nearest upland knoll to the mouth of the Chigonois. In those days undoubtedly it was a bold headland. The wear and tear of time and tide have crumbled it away. A hole, not unlike an old well, is shown as the site of the fort, which once boasted a defence of two cannon and a complement of twelve men. On a line from the fort, and forming a triangle with it, stood two block houses, used as stores. A small sized time-eaten cannon ball was lately ploughed up near the fort. An old dyke, yet in a good state of preservation, kept out the sea from a

marsh once cultivated by the French, but now a swamp.

After crossing the Chigonois bridge, and ascending the opposite hill, the road lies for a short distance through a barren, then emerges suddenly. The traveller obtains a view of the bay and country beyond. Keeping on the left hand, or old road, you have a view of a good farming settlement. Many of the buildings are new, neatly finished and painted.

"This," remarked Mr. Urban, "is Upper Londonderry, or Masstown: so called from the old French Mass House, one hundred feet in length, by forty in breadth, being situated somewhere in this vicinity."

"Do you know the spot, Mr. Urban?"

"Somewhere near those old willows," he answered, pointing to some decayed, gnarled trunks which leaned over what had once been a narrow ravine, but in the course of years had been filled level with debris from the ploughed fields. "The precise locality it is not easy now to determine, from the ruthless destruction by fire of the property and buildings of the Acadians."

The remains of their roads, bridges and dykes are being fast obliterated. An old burying place is sometimes found by the farmer or roadmaker. In 1761, when the first English settlers came, five

hundred acres of marsh were still enclosed by their dykes. The poorest upland on the bay seems to be around their chief settlments; though, perhaps, they chose the sites where the smallest amount of dyke would enclose the largest extent of marsh.

At Debert, a few miles from Chiginois, is the Ferry. A boat plies, Tuesdays and Fridays, between here and Maitland, on the opposite side of the bay.

Before reaching the Folly, or Fawleigh, according to the modern orthography, we again come on to the highway, or telegraph line. The Debert, fed by springs and rivulets, as well as the Folly, Great Village, Portaupique and Bass rivers, rise in the Cobequid, which is a range of hills extending in an east and west direction for nearly ninety miles, presenting consecutive ridges of well wooded and fertile land.

At the junction of the harder with the softer strata, the streams often form very pretty cascades.

Where the road crosses the Debert marsh the river is strikingly romantic. A small narrow strip of very green marsh, from which the banks on both sides rise very abruptly, covered with overhanging trees, the river rolls along in a tortuous, zigzag course, while the jagged, steep, fretted banks show that once the narrow stream, edged with green, had been a wild, raving mountain torrent, which,

tearing its way to the bay, had enabled the tides to form this pretty spot of green alluvium. About a mile from the Debert you come suddenly upon the Fawleigh, which also flows through a very narrow valley, between high, picturesque and most fantastically shaped banks, water-worn, rent and jagged, covered with trees and bushes. This river has its rise in a lake which is said to abound in most excellent trout. The Debert and Fawleigh run into the same estuary. In the neighborhood, where the Folly rises, are situated the Acadian Iron Mines, famed for the unrivalled quality of its ore. The foundry alone is worth ten thousand pounds. Nearly one thousand hands find employment about them. A small vessel is kept constantly employed carrying the ore to St. John for shipment to Britain.

Crossing the bridge we enter the village, which is a single street extending for perhaps half, or three-fourths of a mile, along the upland on the margin of the marsh. The buildings are pretty, and the situation pleasing. At the end of the street stands a Presbyterian church—a large building of the olden time.

To the left the road leads down the stream to the shipyard, where several vessels are annually built by enterprising companies. A schoolhouse, hotel, post office, and several well filled stores, were noticed as we drove slowly through the village, and turned

to our right on the road to Great Village, or Londonderry, three miles distant. This, also, was a village of one street, but longer and more compactly built than the Folly. Judging from the number and size of the stores and churches, the surrounding country must be wealthy and populous. Below the village several vessels were on the stocks. Two or three had discharged their cargoes, and were awaiting the tide and a pilot to return to the sea. We must confess the sight to a stranger is novel of the spars of two or three vessels meeting his gaze, as the eye moves over a smooth green marsh, the hulls hidden by the banks, while he could easily touch the opposite side of the stream with a trout pole. But, alas! for the diciples of Isaac Walton, trout poles are useless in muddy water.

The hotel is pleasant and comfortable, one room containing a large number of very fine house plants, and several cages of singing birds, the little captives singing very sweetly among their native flowers. A large church and schoolhouse were on the corner, where we turned to the left, or Economy road. (The road to the right is leading to the Acadian Mines, which time did not permit us to visit, while in front was the main road to New Brunswick.) Ascending a gentle eminence near the residence of the Rev. Mr. Wylie the view was

very beautiful. There was the river of the Great Village seeking its sinuous course to the bay.

The village at our feet—the busy husbandman in the adjoining fields and marshes—the sound of the caulking mallet, and the gleam of a sail, as the vessels prepared to drop down with the ebb tide—the sparkling waters of the bay, and the dark shores of the other side; in the background the wooded range of the Cobequid, sparsely dotted with white buildings and irregular clearings. Further eastward, on the high ground between the Great Village and Folly rivers, the smoke from the iron mines winds its way among the hills. The furnace and buildings of the Acadian Mine are situated on the west branch of the former river.

Mr. Urban spoke in glowing terms of the grandeur of some of the mountain ravines, and the "falls" on some of them—one river tumbling over a quartzite ridge upwards of fifty feet in height, while a small brook on its eastern side falls from a much greater elevation. To the westward, on the Economy river, is a fall on a grander and more elevated scale, and of much greater magnitude.

"Now," said Mr. Urban, "as 'time and tide for no man bide,' let us haste to the Point, and secure, if possible, a passage over the bay in this tide."

Half reluctantly withdrawing our gaze from the landscape we were soon passing through woods and

well cultivated farms, the houses only short distances apart. Then up a short sandy hill, then a sudden turn to the left, and here is the bay at Spencer's Point. A vessel is on the stocks, while one laden with flour, &c., for the merchants of Great Village, is lying high and dry on the flat discharging cargo, which is being hauled to the village by horses.

The very gently advancing waves come steadily near and nearer to the shore. A strong current fills the creek. Four stalwart men drag the boat to the bank, passengers and rowers step in, a gentle shove, and she glides through the soft ooze into the water, the sail is shook out and filled with a gentle breeze, which freshens as we recede from the shore. The tide is very smooth. We cross the Cobequid Bay—here about six miles broad—and are landed alongsids of the wharf at Salma in less than an hour.

Here we are met by the busy and active A. A. McDougall, or *The Captain*, as the boatmen call him, who is engaged in superintending the loading of a large barque with plaster, bound to Richmond, while two others are lying near the wharf to await their turn to load. The Captain accompanied us to the quarries. Here one of the men had dug out a stone bearing the impress of a fish, which he showed to his companions; and not being a Hugh Miller, he broke it up and threw it into the heap.

A rail is laid from them to the shore, near which is a large shed for storing the gypsum; and the plaster is drawn on the iron rails by horses.

The quarries are at the head of Salma Marsh. The uplands, sloping gently from the marsh, are well tilled. A neat stone house (the residence of R. Smith, Esq., a gentlemen who nearly half a century ago was member of Assembly for Hants) stands on the brow of the hill. It is finely surrounded with fruit and shade trees. Adjoining this is a very neat Methodist chapel, with spire and bell: opposite is a small oratory. This, as well as the chapel, is finely sheltered by trees.

Across the road, and out to Salter's Head, the farms are very excellent. The Head—a patch of red sandstone, rises in a perpendicular cliff from the water's edge. Its sides are worn by the ceaseless action of the tides into many-shaped holes and cavities, revealing a rich field for the student of geology. Several large eagles were hovering over their nest in the tall trees which overhung the water.

We leave for a drive to Noel. The road commands a fine and varied prospect of hill, dale, marsh and sloping woody hills; the broad bay in front; Economy Point stretching as if to join hands with Noel; Moose Island, like a dark block against Economy Point; whilst the brick kilns,

which look like a vessel, lie apparently midway in the bay. Northward are the rich slopes of the Cobequid. Long stretches of dark woods clothe the uneven undulating top of the range which seem to meet and mingle with the sky, while a light fleecy cloud, its base slightly tinged by the sepia shaded woods, floats lightly above. This cloud is a mass of vapor from the St. Lawrence, which is, by an air line, about twenty miles north of the bay.

From Salma to Noel is a succession of good farms. Noel is a small village at the head of Noel Bay. A church, schoolhouse, mills and good plaster in the vicinity—which is spoken off as being very valuable. One of these rural homesteads has sent out one of its inmates a missionary to Aneiteum. A short drive from Noel brought us to Burntcoat. We drove to the lighthouse situated on Burntcoat Head, Basin of Minas, and received a hearty welcome from the superintendent. The buildings are situated on a spot of land which every season the wear of the tide threatens to make an island. The banks are worn into all sorts of holes and strangely shaped cavities. The lantern is erected on a square tower attached to the main building, and shews a plain white light about 75 feet above high water level. It is visible from all points of approach except the road. The Basin here is about four miles in width. From the tower you obtain a

fine view of Cape Blomidon, distant about twenty-six and a half miles. Indeed the views which greet the traveller from many spots on either side of the bay are of a most grand and striking character. Here is the Bay of Cobequid—the rocky chain of the Five Islands on the one side, and Tenycape on the other. From the narrowest place, near the B. C. Head, it expands into the broad and beautiful Basin of Minas, terminated by the lofty promontories of Blomidon and Cape Split. The broad estuary of the Avon opening up to the south—the little islets near the shore—a sail or two visible on the horizon—the pretty inlets of Walton and Cheverie, Tenycape and the settlements on each side of the shore.

"For grandeur and beauty of coast scenery," remarked Mr. Urban, "Minas Channel and Basin are not surpassed by any part of the coast of North America. Sometimes," he added, "when we have a succession of foggy days, and the morning sun breaks forth, rolling the masses of light haze which has shrouded the bay into white fleecy columns to join the wind-bound argosies of cloudland which hover over Blomidon and Cape Split, revealing the islands and the southern slope of the Cobequid, the effect is one of fairy land."

Bidding "good-bye" to our friends, we returned to Maitland, two miles above Salma.

This village, at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, is a busy thriving place, doing a good business with the United States, employing a large number of vessels and seamen in the coasting trade. Gypsum is supplied from the white rock a few miles up the river. Pitch Brook and Salma are the principal loading grounds.

In the village are two Presbyterian Churches, one venerable from age, (where the Rev. Mr. Crowe, the Father of the Presbyterian Church, preaches,) the other new and commodious, and an Episcopal church, whose small diamond-shaped panes of stained glass have a novel and pleasing effect. Here are two routes to Windsor; one by the shore past Walton and Cheverie; the other across the Gore through Newport to Windsor, distant about sixty miles.

The Gore and Rawdon are hilly districts, rising between the estuaries of the Avon and the Shubenacadie.

"Suppose," said a shrewd observer of the political horizon of the American Republic to one of the exporters; "suppose war comes in the United States, where will be your trade?"

"Ruined," was the answer; "completely ruined, and Maitland will be deserted."

Well, war came, as every body knows. In June, 1864, we again were landed from a boat at Salma

Creek—wharf no longer. We met the irrepressible Captain. On enquiry for the railroad, we learned that the "on to Richmond" for plaster had been stopped the first year of the war. A fine-looking clipper ship, iron-kneed and copper-fastened, nearly finished, was on the stocks—making the fourth which the Captain had built in two years. A company in Salma was engaged in building their second vessel on the creek. In a distance of about fifteen miles along the shore twenty vessels are building; one in the shipyard of W. Lawrence, Esq., M. P. P. for Hants, of about two hundred feet keel. Since the plaster trade failed about forty vessels have been launched in Maitland and the neighboring shore, several measuring about one thousand tons. The coasting trade is ended. Maitland sea captains and ships are beginning to be known in all foreign ports.

At the Gore the Douglas slate quarry has been opened through the exertions of an enterprising Scotsman, G. Lang, Esq., a builder and sculptor, to whose skill Halifax is indebted for some of her most substantial buildings and monuments.

This roofing slate is of a very superior quality, similar to Welsh slate, but finer in texture, and of larger dimensions. Slabs smooth as ice, and measuring forty-five feet in length by thirty-two in breadth, and varying from one-sixteenth and

one-eighth of an inch in thickness to four inches, are being raised. Pieces of much greater length will be obtained when the quarry is fully opened, for the longest pieces have now to be cut across. The slate stands nearly vertical, with a slight inclination to the southward. This quarry is said to be inexhaustible. A steam engine is being erected at it. As any amount of this valuable building material can be sold in the neighboring States and Provinces, and as it is only a moderate distance from shipment at Maitland, and from the railway, its exportation in a few years must be very remunerative. Slates must soon supersede shingles for roofs of barns in the farming districts.

A quarry of blue lias lime has been opened by the same gentleman, which for building purposes is unrivalled, being, in fact, an hydraulic cement. This lime is on the Shubenacadie, near the railway station.

Bidding adieu to Maitland we crossed the Shubenadie, landing at the Black Rock, and a drive of twelve miles brought us to Truro—this night not in an hotel, but with our friends at Demeure.

Somebody—Mrs. Stowe, if I remember aright—says that "in the shadowy past our friends grow bright; that their imperfections fade away, and their gentler virtues alone remain." Be it so. Yet we prefer the living present, with all its

imperfections, before any shadowy ideal. Again, the old cozy seat by the pleasant wood fire, surrounded by familiar faces and voices—familiar, though unheard through long years; the old place at table, though a stranger occupies the high chair, all the other dear little ones surround the board, only grown graver and taller. Little tongues which could just lisp "The Lord is my Shepherd" now recite in our ear stanzas in the original from Homer and Virgil. Little fingers which we left adjusting a doll's drapery now sweep boldly over the keys of the piano, melting the soul by the sweetness or sadness of the strains. Then worship—real family worship. All the inmates of the household join in the singing, and the children are taught that the great practical part of a musical training is to enable them at home to raise a grateful song of praise to God. Scripture reading, verse about, and prayer closes the hour set apart for devotion. After this conversation—conversation such as strangers never know—and—and we leave in the morning for Pictou, if the rain, which at present is falling so heavily, does not prevent us.

THE RAIN.

Hear the rain gently falling
On our home,
Days of youth sweet recalling
In that home,

When with brothers wild as we,
There we played, in childhood's glee,
In the brook now rushing free
Past our home.

Then the mill, slowly turning,
Near our home;
The full brook, restraint spurning,
Free did roam,
Hasting onward to deliver
Surplus water to the river,
Where the leafy poplars quiver
Round our home.

There we sailed our tiny boats
Made at home,
Rafted loads of logs on floats
Brought from home,
Till the master on the hill,
Whistling gaily past the mill,
Truant hearts with fear did thrill,
Far from home.

Drop by drop the rain distils
From its home;
Sparkling rain the clover fills
In their home;
Sadly sounding on the leaves
Lying low, like unbound sheaves—
Drop by drop the trees do grieve
Dead leaves home.

Fast to-night the rain does fall!
Friends long home
In the rain drops seem to call
From that home.
Here we lie in death's long sleep,
Where the tears like rain, you weep,
Can't recall us from the deep
Grave our home.

As the seed upon the plain—
Its old home—
Buried lies by earth and rain
In its home
When the reign of winter's o'er,
Wakes to life with summer's store,
So we'll bloom on Heaven's shore
With God, home.

Every heart has secret graves
Deep at home;
Sympathy with none it craves
In that home:
Buried love and hopes of youth,
Links of friendship, severed truth,
Fall like rain; sad tears of ruth
Hide that home.

But though darkness deep doth roll
Round that home,
Light divine shall grief control—
Rule that home;
Memory's home flash with light;
All her treasures, fair and bright,
Shall radiant glow: no darkest night
In heaven's home.

CHAPTER IV.

On to Pictou—Union of Synods—New Glasgow—Coal Mines—Antigonish—On a Missionary.

A clear October morning in the coach on the road to Pictou.

"That gentleman is the Sheriff of Colchester," observed Mr. Urban, pointing to a handsome travelling carriage and pair of horses which passed the coach on the hill. "He is Lieutenant-Colonel of Militia, and is head of the family of the late Jotham Blanchard, of whom Sabine in his biographical sketches of the Loyalists of the Revolution says—'Was born at Dunstable, New Hampshire, settled in Nova Scotia, carried on an extensive business in lumber, and was active in exploring the country, and in procuring grants of land to settle his fellow loyalists. He was a colonel in the militia, and died in 1800.'"

Up, up hill, with the valley of the Salmon River to our right, and to our left the forest primeval. Ten miles. We again cross the Salmon River. Its banks are lovely and romantic, fringed with narrow strips of intervale, thence rising abruptly, show seams of coal. The country has a sharper and more rugged outline; and as we travel towards

Pictou, we have again the rolling hilly surface, varied by more definiteness in the range of hills. Now we climb Mount Thom, the highest peak of the Cobequid, yet less than one-fourth of a mile in height, whilst Mounts Ephraim and Dalhousie rise close to us. Do not smile, oh, my friend! even though you have been to California, crossed the Rocky Mountains, saw the peaks of the Andes or the "snow-crested Alps," when some patronising traveller assures you "this is an *awful* mounting to cross."

Then an old man whom you suppose to be sleeping starts up to tell you how he has travelled from home to Halifax, leading his horse round the stumps in the road. Traveller No. 1 rejoins sarcastically, "You should have gone to the States."

No. 2 positively asserts that he never knew any who went from Nova Scotia to the United States do much good. Better, far better, for them to have remained at home. "When we left Scotland," added he, "many families from the North went to the Southern States and Canada, and did very well. Others went to the Northern States after taking a look at Nova Scotia, and in twenty years' time would have been better off if they had remained in it."

"How did those make out who staid in Nova Scotia?" enquired Mr. Urban.

"Well," said he, "I will state a few facts, and leave you to judge. A man with several sons and daughters came out in the same ship with me. The sons bought woodland, cleared and improved it. To-day they have a comfortable independence. The daughters married, and settled in the woods, prepared and spun their flax and wool, milked their cows, and made their butter and cheese, and now enjoy a green old age, surrounded by the comforts and elegancies of life. Another man purchased, before he left Scotland, land in Prince Edward Island; but after living there one winter came here with a very little money and a very large family. All of them now own good properties, while more than one of his grand-children are among the ministers and doctors in Nova Scotia. Talk of emigration! This is as good a country as is under the sun for emigrants, if they only be of the right stamp —men and women willing to work, and not willing to expend more than they earn on dress and drink."

When the speaker left the coach we enquired of Mr. Urban if he knew him.

"Who? Uncle Robert? He is one of nature's noblemen. He emigrated from Scotland some fifty years ago, married and settled on an upland farm in the wild woods. With no aid but a strong arm he cleared a field, built a log house, and planted an orchard around it.

Log houses! ere ye pass forever from the land, is there no friendly hand to twine a wreathe around your memory? The sight of you to the voluntary exile who had travelled for miles without seeing a clearing or meeting a human being, thrilled his bosom with feelings now unknown. As he espies the smoke curling above the snow-wreaths new vigor seems imparted to his benumbed limbs; his chilled fingers grasp the string which lifts the wooden latch. Within what a kindly welcome is given to him! The round logs aglow in the huge fire-place are stirred, and a stream of sparks fill up the chimney, concealing the wooden crane and bake-kettle, its lid covered with glowing embers. The white sanded floor, the home-made high-backed ashen chairs, the dresser, with its rows of pewter plates and horn spoons, and a few articles of delf from the old country, on the top shelf the well-worn books. The coals are drawn from between the flat stones which serve for andirons; the ash cake, carefully swept with a wing, is broken, and placed on the well-scrubbed board, a piece by each bowl of milk. Nature's wants, few and simple, are easily supplied.

After supper the father makes shoes for his family, or mends his farming implements. The mother plies her spinning wheel or knitting needles, while the children read by firelight. By firelight

the whole family read, verse about, chapters from the bible, and repeat their catechism and scripture lessons. Then family worship by firelight, after which the coals are raked against the backlog, and wood and chips laid around to dry for the morning fire.

Such a house was his;—a tall lilac bush in front of it, luxuriant hops hung in graceful festoons from poles against the eaves. But he has outlived the loghouse and its surroundings. A modern mansion stands on its site. Broad acres of smoothly ploughed fields surround it. Large barns have taken the place of the log hovels. Once surrounded by thick woods, he now enjoys one of the finest views in the country, a few miles from a railway station.

"Was there not a danger of these early settlers losing their way in the woods?"

"They travelled by *blaze*," replied Mr. Urban.

"By blaze! How is that done?" we asked Mr. Urban.

"Travellers by blaze take a chip off each side of the trees along the line of their path, the chip off each side enabling a person coming from either direction to see the line of way. Seeing a tree blazed or chipped, and looking ahead, he sees the next, and so onward. The ravines hold snow often till near midsummer; swamps are always wet. The blaze often leads through thick bushes, over or

round windfalls, and compels you to spring from hummock to hummock over boggy places; now climbing steep ascents, anon crossing fordless streams on a single tree, which some pioneer has felled for his own convenience. This is summer travel by blaze.

"In winter the snow always used to be three feet deep in the woods (often six or seven), so the snow-shoe was used, which was formed from a strip of ash bent in an oval, the ends joined and bound together into a point. It was about two feet in length by one in breadth. Thongs of untanned moose hide were interlaced across it, like the cane seat of a chair. This broad surface under the feet prevented sinking in firm snow; but in soft it clogged, and on hard crust it slipped. Peculiar tact was required for walking on the shoes. The whole foot required to be lifted at a wide distance from the other, the toe as high as the heel. The practice once acquired, is an easy and expert mode of walking. Moccasins must be worn with snow-shoes.

"When you," added Mr. Urban, "hear people talk of travelling through the woods and sleeping in camps, carrying grists on their shoulders to mills twenty miles distant, O my friend! please remember that this is the modern history of the Province; the ancient dates from the time when the first

James sat on the British throne. But here is West River and Salt Springs, and our first view of Pictou County."

We had travelled for some miles through the forest, the trees close together, with a thick growth of underbrush. Cradlehills abounded, formed by the roots of windfalls carrying up much of the soil in which they grew. The surface of the country appeared irregular, intersected by deep ravines, whose steep rugged sides form hills which often slope into low boggy valleys. The trees were comparatively small, and of second growth.

How lovely this vale of the West River! How graceful those elms which dot, border and fringe the landscape. Here are birds hopping on the fences which surround the grounds where the Rev. Principal Ross, of Dalhousie College, formerly resided, or flitting over the green sward among the golden-tinted elm leaves. How numerous the brooklets which steal quietly along through the lovely elm trees, and are lost in the wide-spreading intervales. Behind us the mountains, where the original forests remain, branching luxuriantly over the streams and lakes, extending in most stately grandeur along the plains, and stretching proudly to the summit of the hills. The frosty nights have transformed their verdure into every possible shade and tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, blue,

brown, crimson and glittering yellow. It is impossible to exaggerate the autumn beauty of the hardwood forests, promiscuously mingled with the pine and the fir tribes: their effulgent grandeur is incomparable. This beauty the forest often retains through the Indian summer, which, Mr. Urban assures me, extends through the greatest part of November.

SONG OF THE LEAVES.

While morning beams tint drops of rain
On yonder mountain's brow,
Gay autumn gorgeous decks the plain—
The leaves are singing now.

We are coming, old winter, to sleep on your breast;
Flowers all gone, and summer birds we too would rest;

We have donned the bright hues which in summer we won,
Like the saints shining brightest life's journey near done:

They do long to be clothed in new robes clear and bright;
We are waiting for your nuptial robes of pure white.

There, sleeping in snow, assimilated to earth,
In spring's fairest flowers again we will have birth,

Or close hoarded by time, deep deep in the cold ground,
After ages elapse, in rocks we may be found.

In the Indian summer we our gala days keep,
E'er December's cold blast o'er our dwelling place sweep.

Then oaks in bright scarlet, red or yellow are drest;
Birches, elms, beeches, are there in pale yellow vest;

In orange the moosewood, sumach scarlet give her,
While in pale golden leaf the tall poplars shiver.

Some ashes are yellow, some wear deep purple hue;
Trailing vines cherry color exposes to view.

Here are shrubs vermillion; the dogwoods are dyed lake;
The maples a gay show of all colors do make.

White maples are scarlet, sugar maples are gold,
Birdeye trunks leaves of pink, yellow and green unfold;

In deep purple are some, others wear the old green,
Dark brown are the alders, the ferns russet are seen.

Pine, spruce, fir and hemlocks, all retain their green shade,
Like spectators watching the change autumn has made.

As Mr. Urban ended these remarks we had left Durham and West River, and were nearing the town of Pictou and the sparkling waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Pictou Harbor is a beautiful and capacious basin, receiving the waters of the East, West and Middle rivers of Pictou County. On the East River is New Glasgow and the coal mines, connected to the harbor by a railway. A fleet of coal vessels lies at the loading ground. Freestone of excellent quality is abundant a few miles from the harbor.

On the north side of the harbor, about three miles from its mouth, on a hill gently sloping to the water's edge. lies the town of Pictou. Some of the buildings are very handsome. Many dwelling houses are of stone. The courthouse is new and elegant. Near to it is the famous old Pictou Academy, where Dr. McCulloch labored, and (all

things considered) did more to promote education in Nova Scotia than any one man who has ever lived in it. Dr. McCulloch started the idea of an Academy. He prayed for it and begged for it. He fought for it, and taught in it, until, in despite of all opposition, he produced scholars who, as preachers of the gospel, lawyers, and educators of youth, boldly take their stand among the first in the Province. He likewise did more to advance Presbyterianism in Nova Scotia than any one since his day. Near the Academy is a dwelling house which excites our most lively interest. From its portals a gentle maiden has gone forth to the far isles of the Pacific to carry the wondrous story of a dying Redeemer to the benighted heathen. Gone! She is gone from all the gentle endearments of home and society—gone, alas! never more to return. The place which once knew her shall know her no more for ever.

ON A MISSIONARY'S DEATH AT ANEITEUM.

MRS. MATHESON, WIFE OF REV. MR. MATHESON, AND NIECE OF REV. MR. GEDDIE.

Mid prayers and tears from her home in the North,
The brave herald of truth in weakness went forth,

To work for her Lord, and to clear for the eyes
Of humanity blind a path to the skies.

The tropic winds sigh through the banana tree,
The gorgeous flowers close, the sun sinks in the sea;

The wan sufferer watched the last fading ray,
As a servant does wait till called away.

"To Jesus I'm going,"—her husband bowed low;
Sustain him, oh Father, Thou bads't her to go.

Nay! stricken band gather not round her to weep,
'Tis Jesus who giveth his loved ones sleep.

No more round her seat Tanna's women shall stand;
No more shall she weep for her babe in their land;

No more shall she start from her couch in affright,
As flames seize her home in the shadows of night;

No more tossed on the waves which dash on the reef;
Nor compassed by dangers which stagger belief,

Aneiteum is hallowed her ashes to keep:
Mourners rejoice when His loved ones sleep.

Dark isles of the sea, thy coral-raised soil
Is dear to our hearts—our dead rest from their toil,—

The moonlight falls softly on your sin-tainted shore;
Zephyrs stray gently where your cannibals roar;

The dew droppeth mutely on valley and hill,
And soft clouds float lovingly over you still;

More gently than zephyr, moon, cloud or the dew,
The breath of the Spirit shall come upon you.

This sowing in sorrow, in joy you will reap;—
Believers rejoice when your loved ones sleep.

On October 4th the gloomy clouds gave place to a fine sunshiny morning. Carriages were seen approaching the town of Pictou from the various roads. The streets were thronged by people in

holiday garb, all wending their way to Patterson's Hill, where a tent had been erected capable of containing 3000 persons. Over this tent floated the bright blue banner (which had so often gathered auld Scotia's Presbyterians beneath its folds), with the legend, in white letters, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." Beneath this waved a pure white flag, bearing the motto, "That they all may be one."

The Free Church and Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia had selected this spot on which to commemorate their proposed union under the style and title of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces. The site was appropriate, because here, in July 18th, 1786, Dr. McGregor preached his first sermon. Yet neither he nor Rev. Mr. Murdoch, who had been preaching about twenty years in the country, became members of the little Presbytery of three ministers constituted that year. The church bells ring joyous peals. From Knox's Church, led by the Moderator, Rev. Mr. Forbes, supported by the Clerk of Synod, and Rev. Professor King and Rev. Dr. Forrester, and thirty-two Free Church ministers, representing sixty-six churches, walk up to the tents. These are followed by the elders, probationers, licentiates and students. A few minutes later the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, headed by the Moderator,

Rev. Mr. Murdoch, A. B., and Clerk, Rev. P. G. McGregor, and the Professors Revs. Drs. Smith and Ross, and followed by forty-four ministers, representing seventy-seven Churches, and a membership of 7650, issue from Prince Street Church, enter and take their seats on a raised platform opposite their brethren. The Moderators and Clerks occupy seats at the table. Upwards of one hundred members, lay and clerical, compose this ecclesiastical assemblage. The legal forms are gone through. The two parties are declared one.

> Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together, such as brethren are,
> In unity to dwell,

has been sung by the assembled three thousand voices. Prayers in English and Gaelic have been offered to God, and the mighty multitude have dispersed to meet again in the evening. The Moderator, Rev. Professor King, addresses the Synod. Rev. W. McCulloch, and others, each occupy fifteen minutes in speeches. A soiree and more speeches close the evening. We retired among the multitude of upwards of three thousand spectators.

We love to contemplate those Pauls and Barnabases who in days gone by, and in other lands, had

taken different ways, "because of the contention," meet in this western world to find that contention will not forward the cause of their Lord. Therefore this grand Union—this Union which is a matter for rejoicing. But in the midst of this rejoicing were it not well to recall what Christ has given us as the real grounds of such joy and union, namely, that our names are written in heaven, not that we belong to this or that particular denomination.

In the days of our fathers, and our fathers' fathers, intellectual harmony was made the basis of Church fellowship. Separation or ejection followed on any difference of opinion about confessions, catechisms, or articles of faith. We, in common with our fathers lay much stress on accuracy of doctine; but the chief stress should be laid on the conviction deep implanted in the heart of man that his relation to God is an individual matter—a personal responsibility; a relation of the heart and not of the head. Not what a man may learn from the most logical creeds is religion, or that a thorough knowledge of them implies a right to Church membership; but that the earnest, humble, pious heart, one that can say, "We love him because he first loved us," is the test which implies a right to belong to the Church on earth. This test is one to which some of the great and wise, as well as some of the lowly and unlearned, in every age and have subscribed.

The Church from that morning when it was said to Cain, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door," has been shining brighter and brighter, and so will continue to shine, until that beatific vision seen by the lonely exile on Patmos will be realized: "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven."

The good, the beautiful, the true in the mighty past are immortal, lives a deeper life in the present, and shall forever live through the coming future. The present generation, like a miser's heirs, enjoying all the hoarded treasures of the preceding generations, and adding to this vast entail all its own moral and intellectual riches, hands them over to those of the future.

The Church's onward and upward progress is recognizing more prominently this great truth, which dropped so sweetly from the lips of unerring wisdom, "Ye are my disciples if ye love one another." It was this test of union to Christ which caused the noble heathen to exclaim: "These Christians, how they love each other."

May not the magnificent spectacle we have just witnessed be a prelude—a promise of that nobler Church which the coming generations see slowly advancing through the distant corridors of time, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Next morning, in company with Mr. Urban and a large party, we go on board the steamer *George McKenzie, en route* for New Glasgow and the coal mines. Most of the party were going to be present at the Ter-centenary Celebration to be held at New Glasgow in memory of the three hundredth anniversary of the Scottish Reformation.

In a few minutes we ran up to the loading ground. Here the first Railway in Nova Scotia was laid by the Mining Company, to transport their coal from the mines to Pictou harbor. Landing from the steamer we ran up to New Glasgow by rail.

This pretty village, 10 miles east of Pictou, is a busy, thriving place. Shipbuilding is carried on by several wealthy firms.

The numbers of Macs which cover the signs over the stores; four goodly-sized Presbyterian Churches, as well as the name of the village, mark the Fatherland—"Mother country" we should say—of these New Glasgow people.

We were most cordially received at the hospitable mansion of R. McGregor, Esq., eldest son of the late Dr. McGregor; spent a sociable time with W. Lippencott, Esq.; visited the shipyard of Capt. McKenzie, M.P.P., ("from which," observed Mr. Urban, "I at one time counted eleven vessels on the stocks,") and other objects of interest in the vi-

cinity. Our guide, (for which please accept our thanks,) led us to the top of the hill above the town. From this eminence we saw the beauties of the surrounding country; the wooded crests of the ridges extending from Fraser's Mountain, east of the East River, to Green Hill and the West River, beyond which is Rogers Hill and Mount Dalhousie. All this is fine agricultural land, also affording rich fields for the miner and geologist. On one of the streams from this hilly district is quarried the grey freestone so highly prized for architectural purposes. Many fine buildings in the large cities of the American Republic are being built of it. The durability, quality, and color of blocks and flags are excellent: and the vale of the East River which is so remarkable for the enormous thickness of its coal measures which form the Albion Mines coal-field, around the pits of which is clustered a population of some 2000 souls, who are supported by their produce.

The Mines are about two miles above this village, which rises gradually from each bank of the river. The chief stores, public buildings, and shipyards are on the left hand; the railroad on the right bank of the river, which is spanned by a draw-bridge. Well cultivated farms extend to the borders of Colchester. Pictou county stands unrivalled in the manufacture of its woollen goods,

and likewise in the quantity and quality of its oats and meal.

The coal-fields have been so often described that to mention them again would be unnecessary,—suffice it to say, the column raised from the Albion Mines for the Great Exhibition was seen by thousands, and it made Nova Scotia known, not only in England, but among the nations. The main seam is 37½ feet in vertical thickness.

Coal and coal mines. What a boundless field for thought clusters round that one word *coal*—coal which is here deeper than in any other part of the world.

Almost the first thought of the initiated, at least, is given to them who pass their lives under ground. Young and old, or from youth to age passed in a mine far from the blessed light of the sun and the comforts of home; and then the deaths, accidents from combustion and non-combustible materials, from gases which support life, and from those which destroy it. "Why," says a man of the world to a devoted missionary, "why send men to the heathen, they only die." "Tell me," said this veteran in his Master's employ, "where men do not die."

"Man," says a celebrated writer, "is immortal till his work is done." No matter if that work is to be done in the depths of a coal mine, or in the bustle of a crowded city, at home, surrounded by

friends, or in the far off lands—the abodes of horrid cruelty, afar from friends and home.

As we would far rather contemplate the distance to the sun to be illimitable, and feel a sort of regret or lowering, as it were, when we hear of the exact distance of it, so, when we hear coal fields spoken of as the equivalent of so many days labor, and the exact time which it required them to grow and consolidate, we almost regret the old view—viz., That they were always there.

What has coal done for those places where it has been found in far less quantities than in Nova Scotia. Look at England 200 or 300 years ago—only a few, comparatively speaking. The region around her coal fields, Birmingham, for instance, was like that of Pictou 50 years ago—an almost unbroken forest. On the discovery of coal came iron smelters; gradually they congregated, improving and extending their smelting and manufacturing till they have risen into a mighty city, the country around being filled with stately towns and busy villages. And if this has been done in Britain by a bed of coal perhaps not larger, certainly not deeper than this in Pictou, what may we not expect Pictou may be in the coming years. When Nature, like a provident parent, has stored up ages of sunshine in acres of coal, till her creature man came of age to enjoy it. By its means, if he cannot con-

trol the winds, or he can be independant of them. He can, by the same means, raise the inexhaustible supplies of iron—smelt, refine, purify, and convert it into either the instrument of conveying his thoughts at lightning speed to the ends of the earth, or into one by which to store them up for the use of the coming minds.

Chemistry has enabled him to evolve the colors which beautified and adorned the coal vegetation of the by-gone ages. A spark enables him to emit the power in this blazing fuel—viz.: the ancient carboniferous sunshine embodied in the coal, and to bask in its rays, and his clothing is dyed in the very hues upon which it used to shine.

Who can tell in the coming years, when the coal-fields of Britain are exhausted, if not before the time when the sword shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, that Nova Scotia may not supply the world with those weapons of destruction and death. Babylon and Assyria have become heaps, and the time may be coming when, coal being exhausted in those places where it has been long used, men may come to this New World for their railroad iron and their pens, their swords and their watch-springs; then, where the forest has so long upturned its face to the sun, a stately city will extend her borders. Luxuriant country seats, the abodes of wealth and opulence, may be steadily growing up, till that

Angel shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on solid land—

And swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, "That time shall be no longer."

We may indulge in the poetry of day dreams. What Nova Scotia was like during the growth and formation of the coal; what it was like after the coal had consolidated; how long it remained in a wilderness till it was claimed by the red man; how many ages he had existed as a race; what it will be in the coming ages when its vast resources in iron and gold, in coal, gypsum, &c., shall be all fully developed. Will it ever become like unto Egypt and Babylon, is only known to him who from ancient days declareth the things not yet come,—to whom a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

Between New Glasgow and the Mines stood the old church where the late Rev. Dr. McGregor preached in the latter period of his life; his dwelling-house and lands were purchased by the Mining Company.

"This county," said Mr. Urban, in reply to a question by one of the party, "is about forty miles long, lying on the southern shore of Northumberland Strait, and twenty broad. It abounds in coal, gypsum, freestone, limestone, and iron ore. It contains 653 acres of dyke, and 727 acres of salt

marsh; 5445 acres of cultivated intervale; 109,751 acres of cultivated uplands, which produce 83,467 bushels of wheat, 429,062 bushels of other grain, 27,494 tons of hay, 9,827 bushels of apples, and 762 bushels of plums. Their dairies give 471,486 lbs. of butter, and 73,918 lbs. of cheese. They make 164,184 yards of cloth, and keep 6,163 horses. The forests, besides lumber and timber, produce 30,705 lbs. of maple sugar. It gives employment to six fulling mills, one axe factory, three iron foundries, one wooden factory, one cabinet factory, 12 tanneries, one coal oil factory, one steam bakery, one cloth factory, and owns 141 vessels. The inhabitants numbering 28,785, of whom 29 are clergymen, and 85 school teachers, now occupy the county which, in 1786, Dr. McGregor found nearly a moral as well as a natural wilderness. The first settlers, in 1765, found it an unbroken wilderness, for the French had not extended their settlements into this region. Now the country is well cultivated; fine farms and villages cover the landscape; near one of the latter (Springville) is the residence of the Hon. John Holmes, a gentleman who, for a long number of years, has borne a prominent part in the public affairs of the Province.

Leaving the coal-fields Mr. Urban told us of a very singular fissure on McLennan's Brook. Two limestone rocks leaning against each other form the

roof of the cave, which is about 100 feet long and very irregular in width; the floor is a few feet lower than the entrance, and along it a small stream of pure water silently glides. The roof in the interior resembles that of a house, but is beautifully illuminated by numerous stalactites suspended from it. We passed through Merigomish, sixteen miles eastward from the mines, and extending onwards to Sydney county. This district is watered by Sutherland's, French and Barney's rivers emptying into the harbor of Merigomish. The former of these only twenty miles from its source to the harbor, has a very fine fall upon it, which is formed by a hill. The woodland torrent, augmented by the spring and autumn rains, has, above the fall, worn this hill into steep, precipitous banks. The waters have a nearly perpendicular descent of about sixty feet, falling with a deafening noise into a deep black cauldron, where they surge, boil, and foam in ever eddying whirlpools. Above this is another fall of smaller dimensions.

Below the falls the river widens, having broader extents of intervales on its course. Above them the country is rocky, the stream flows rapidly along over rocks, very small strips of intervale in places skirting it.

This is one of the many picturesque and beautiful places in our Province such as painters and poets in

other countries love to contemplate. Here is the music of nature combined with her sculpture and painting.

The forests dressed in their gorgeous autumnal hues, give a beauty to the landscape unequalled by summer's flowery forms. Squirrels are leaping in the branches; rabbits start from the roadside, gaze at you for a moment, then skip across the road, reminding you of Cowper's hares.

Huge gnarled trees with extended, mossy arms covered with pink and scarlet leaves, struggled fiercely with the wind, or, like Olympic wrestlers, throwing aside their covering defy the fierce blast. Anon the heavy clouds break, and a gleam of bright October sun falls on the road, dancing on the parti-colored leaves. Now past a startling precipice, anon over a clear stream, we passed a thrifty settlement; on, onward, with here and there a glimpse of mountain scenery, hard and soft wood forests with glittering lakes, and here is Antigonish and St. George's Bay. Antigonish, an Indian word signifying "River of fish," is the county town of Sydney, "although in 1789," says an old chronicle, "there were only four or five houses from Chedabucto Bay to Antigonish; one inhabitant on the Nova Scotia side of the Gut of Canso, and not one on the Cape Breton side. In 1788 there was one house at Ship Harbor; from Pictou westward at

River John, four or five; at Tatamagouche one or two; a few at Wallace; one at Bay Verte, and five at Miramichi." Such at that time were the germs of those fine counties. Sydney now contains 14,871 inhabitants. The estimated value of real estate under cultivation is $923,590. The town is situated about a mile above the head of the navigation on the Antigonish river, on a spot of table land elevated a few feet above the streams by which it is environed. On a hill of moderate elevation stands the Court House.

This is one of the prettiest towns on the Eastern section of Nova Scotia, the view embracing the adjacent intervales, mountains of the Gulf shore, the harbor, and St. George's Bay.

In Sydney county there are 29 places of worship, sixteen of which belong to the Roman Catholics. Here is situated the College of St. Francis Xavier. In this town resided the late Bishop Fraser, well known for his suavity of manner and unaffected piety. Here, also, the late Rev. Mr. Trotter labored for a long period of years. The residence of Dr. McDonald and the early home of his devoted daughter, the wife of the Rev. John Geddie, the first missionary to Anneiteum, is in Antigonish.

Mrs. G., in company with her husband, went from Nova Scotia to labor among the heathen, and has persevered in bringing many thousands of nude

savages into the way of peace and civilization; she and her family being the first Nova Scotians who sought and remained on those isles of the Pacific.

Twelve miles westward from Cape George is the Arisaig pier, whence the Rev. D. Honeyman obtained the geological specimens known in the scientific world as the *Honeymani*. This county abounds in fine natural scenery. Lochaber Glen, between the south and west branches of the Antigonish, opens on a beautiful sheet of water, College Lake, whose banks, unbroken by rock or precipice, rise abruptly from the water's edge; the water, pure as spring-water, deep and warm, presents its limpid waves to the winter's sun long after three smaller lakes on the same stream are frozen. The high lands between the north and south branches of the Pomquet afford a fine view of the valleys bounded by the highlands. The Antigonish Mountain presents extensive and magnificent views of parts of Northumberland Strait, Cape Breton, P. E. Island, the Pictou hills, and Mount Tom.

CHAPTER V.

Louisburg—Moose-hunters—Moose Idyls—Dead of Savage Island—Renee Mambertou—Siege of Louisburg.

We embark on board a small vessel for a run to Cape Breton. How sublime the scenery on the Strait of Canseau or De Fronsac.

This Strait, separating Nova Scotia from Cape Breton, is 18 miles long by one broad, and twenty fathoms deep, and unites the Atlantic and St. Lawrence about half-way. Cape Porcupine rises on the Nova Scotia side full five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Now in sight of the broad Atlantic; now past St. Peter's, where only three-fourths of a mile of land separates Bras d'Or or the Arm of Gold from the sea; on, on sped our gallant barque, till the wind freshened; sail was taken in, and all hands made ready for the squall; timbers creaked—the little craft rose and fell, every wave seemed ready to go over her. The man at the lookout exclaimed, A light! Run for Louisburg, cried our Captain. We flew before the wind; and dropped anchor in the once far-famed harbor of Louisburg.

Next morning the sun shone in unclouded splendor; we landed, and stood on the site of that city,

on which Louis had expended so much treasure,—at the capture of which all Britain rejoiced, and all Europe was alarmed: the key of the St. Lawrence. How the white, thundering surges boom in the wave-worn chasms and champ at the foot of the rocks. How the "yesty waves" beat and dash on the broken walls of cut stone, as if struggling to escape from the dense bank of fog which sweeps along the verge of the horizon. How the panting steam from the marsh in the rear, covered with yellow-lily leaves, rises to meet the sun, and hides the dark fir woods. A spacious amphitheatre surrounded by a scarcely distinguishable moat, encloses the grass grown mounds. A few disjointed arches and broken casemates mark the site of the walls, while mounds of greater elevation show where the citadel stood which the wall and ditch once surrounded. We fancy we enter the great gate and walk up the main street. But a few broken, rusty implements of siege and defence are the only relics of the once proud fortress. A century ago here mirth and revelry had their abode. Upon these walls the ensign of France—the Lilys of the Bourbon, once floated to the evening breeze. Her fleets rode securely in the harbor. From the Atlantic to Lake Superior,—from the Lakes down the Father of waters to the Gulf of Mexico, they claimed control. They courted the sons of the forest. When

the Colonies of Britain clamored for more privileges —another word for self-government, the dependencies of France asked for more means of protection. Hence Louisburg, the key of French America, an almost impregnable fortress, arose.

But fortifications, churches, convents, hospitals, houses, men, women, youth and age, all, all have passed away, the green turf covers the spot where they stood. The remains of sunken frigates are yet seen in the harbor, and yon rocky cliffs look at the sheep quietly cropping the herbage on the glacis, as they looked on the busy crowds that once thronged to and fro, or as some long, priestly procession swept by, kneeled to do it homage; or as they looked when the cannonade of the men who had left the despotism of the old world to enjoy mental freedom in the new, broke on the stillness of the morn, and the echo told astonished Europe that mind would not allow despotism to rear her material bulwarks on the new continent.

Mental freedom, her exponents—fishermen and mechanics, lived in this western world, not behind granite walls, but in the strength of that sublime declaration made on the hill side of Samaria, that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

What is it that makes us love to gaze on old ruins, or on the place where they stood? It can-

not be their antiquity alone, for the rocks which surrouud Louisburg are older than these grass grown mounds.

But the partridge hiding her brood beneath an old rusty piece of iron, or a robin whistling his morning hymn to Him the Giver of all good, on the site of an old fort, wakes emotions in the mind, which the partridge hiding under the rock, or the robin whistling on it, could never have excited; yet they are older. It is because we know that here human hands once reared their homes—that human tears of joy and sorrow wetted the hearth-stones—that here all that agitate our breasts agitated a people that have now gone, gone forever,—that like them, in a few short years, the place which now knows us will know us no more forever,—like them we will be forgotten. If man's love sanctifies a place, no doubt I now gaze on sacred ground; for the love of many, a short century ago, was clustered around this spot. Here on the site where their houses stood, and their altar fires burned, prone on earth, I loved to linger from daylight and sunshine till sunset and moonlight had hallowed them with softer rays, and in these softer rays I seemed to see the flitting shadows of bye-gone memories.

These crumbled gates and unrecognized streets seemed to my fancy again peopled with busy occupants, and these forgotten graves seemed to have

sad mourners sighing over them. Then I thought of one graveyard with the soft light of the moon falling upon it,—of the sod which forever hid one loved and loving face from my aching eyes. If I could but look on that brow as oft I had looked on it, or hear that voice as once I heard it; but no —no, it is hushed to mortal ears, gone, silent forever.

ON SEEING A GRAVE.

Within this lowly new made grave he lies,—
Chiseled by nature's sculpture is the stone;
No amaranthine leaf or bud half blown,
Elaborately wrought upon it rise.
Buttercup and meadow-sweet fondly bend
O'er it, laden with sparkling dew-drops, send
On the lone sleeper here,
Drop by drop, nature's tear;
And nestling lovingly all around the grave,
White clovers bloom, and slender grass stalks wave.

A hero and a conqueror here lies,
Although the lowly stone records no name—
Heralded by the trumpet tongue of fame;
Baptised in blood, and orphans' tears and sighs.
His was the conquest over passion's reign,
He bound them fast and led the captive train;
His everlasting fame:
His an undying name
Registered in Heaven, he waits in earth
The resurrection morn to give it birth.

At his voice no slaves trembling fled in fears,
Nor armies marched to music's stirring strains,
Sprinkling with blood and gore the fair champaigns—
Entailing misery on the coming years.

Crowds never waited with their loud applause,
Nor Senates listened when he gave them laws;
But faithful to his trust,—
Unto his neighbors just.
This was the victory which he sought and won:
For this his master spoke the great "Well done."

The "ills of life"—a formidable band,
Hovering above like swallows ere they light,
He watched intense, and marshalled the wild flight;
With patient spirit and with potent wand—
With darts he from his master's quiver drew,
He overcame the demoniac crew,
But fought them not alone,
With an unuttered groan.
His eye was fixed upon the Shining One,—
Prayer nerved his heart, his arm faith's shield had on.

Sleep, much loved [illegible] sleep, now I must leave
This hallowed spot; [illegible]ied yet sad I go;
Thy warfare's done,—mine but begun,—I know
The panoply of God all may receive.
The Pioneer who led thy way will fill
Ravines, and angry waves of trouble still,
Till on that radiant shore
We meet—Earth's battle o'er.
Cheered by this thought, I tread life's weary way,
Fighting, till death shall lead to brighter day.

But the dead of the long gone centuries—the unstoried, the unknown dead—in the Eastern, as well as in the Western world, will, with all the since loved and lost, awake to life at the voice of him who stilled the mourners at Bethany with, "I am the resurrection and the life; him that believeth on me shall never die."

At that voice shall start to life the oppressor and the oppressed—the Lewises and the Georges—the beseigers and the beseiged,—the men who subdued kingdoms and the men who, unsubdued, asserted freedom and equality, the world's new war cry. The heroic Wolfe, and his friend the patriotic Barre, again seemed to stand on yon wave washed rock; the former soon to pass away in the arms of victory and death, while St. Stephens echoes, and this Western world re-echoes the words of the latter, and this continent yet rings from end to end the stirring names of the "Sons of Liberty."

I might have doubted,—you may tell me it was the creaking of a wind-tossed tree, the moaning of the sea, or whatever you please to believe it,—yet, Oh my friend, thine was the voice, clear, rich, and full, in which I heard distinctly recited that famous speech of Barre's, which he delivered before that august body the British House of Commons,—the body which for centuries had shone on the world as the Star of Freedom. "They planted by your care?" so the speech ran. "No! Your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. Your behavior has caused the blood of these Sons of Liberty to recoil within them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence—for defence of a country whose fron-

tier was drenched in blood." Here the speech was interrupted by a hand rudely laid upon my shoulder, while a familiar voice exclaimed: "How now, what are you doing sleeping here; and a party approach whose merry laughter makes the rocks of old Louisburg resound.

We find ourselves fairly taken by a party of Moose-hunters, who have engaged our skiff to land them in Nova Scotia.

We join the party, and in a day or two find ourselves on the southern slope of the hills extending from Cape Porcupine towards the Atlantic, surrounded by all the accompaniments of a Moose-hunter's life.

Go build the camp, and light the fire,
And spread the evening meal;
Now pass the pipes,—the moments steal,
The hunter's joyous life we feel;
Shall thoughts of home our tales inspire,—
Home, home beyond the wave.

Said Captain Sahib, pleasantly:
"Or life in India's jungle deep,"
Where lions roar and panthers creep.
"Or hold," cried Doctor Dermott, "keep
Those tales for hotels," presently
Acadia's tales I crave.

Pray Dennie, tell—thou know'st this river,—
Who Louisburg dismantled so,
Who lived and loved there long ago—
Indian, neutral, witch, you know
Their Idyls, ere they go forever,
As waifs on memory's sea.

The Doctor, late from Orkney's Isle,
Stop't whistling to his hound:
The hunters glad to rest awhile,
Lay stretched upon the ground.

For moose that day they'd wandered wide,
O'er mountain, rock and fall,—
Had struck a track at eventide,
And heard an answering call.

The pine knots blazed clear and bright,
The Indian's snore was steady;
Come, Dennie, tell a tale to-night,
To listen all are ready.

"How can I tell a witchcraft tale;
The fearful days are past,
When witches pestered every gale,
And judges stood aghast.

I'll sing my country's fertile plains,
When railroads were unknown:
Her noble streams and noble swains,
In Idyls shall be shown.

ADDRESS TO A MOOSE.

First, an address to the moose I will bring,—
Theme not unworthy a hunter to sing.

Hail! beautiful creature, so stately and bright,
Is danger behind, that thou art it flight;
The chasms of mountains thou clearest at a bound,
Thy antlers recumbent, feet spurn the ground.
Why is it that thus thou fliest o'er the vale?
With nostrils expanded thou scentest the gale.
Hail! Lord of the forest. Hail! King of the wood,
Majestic thy form, as listening you stood,
Through the mists of the morning stretching thy gaze
To the far hill-tops, enveloped in haze;
Headlong thou boundest to call of thy mate—

The hunter's false note thy footsteps await.
Far up the steep hill like a bird thou hast flown—
A vision enchanted—earth claims thee her own;
Eyes peering out from a mountain of mist,
Dyed as a rainbow by morning sun kissed.
Bright apparition, descend as a ghost,
And hie to the vale man's footstep ne'er crossed;
There weary with travel, I see thee recline,
Secure in its strength—proud fortress of thine,
Constructed by nature, surrounded by hills;
Thy sentinel, the echoe, outposts that fills.
A breath of the gale, with sounds of alarm—
Nature's own picquets—to guard thee from harm.
Fit resting place this, for noble like thee;
Magnificent palace, home for the free;
Small lakes reflecting the blue of the skies,
Nourishing saplings, which round them arise.
Thy food in the wild here nature doth keep,
Fortress impregnable,—safely then sleep;
Obedient to nature, forth thou must go,
Seeking companions through the trackless snow.
Fly! King of the wood, the hunters are nigh;
Terrible the glare which leaps from thine eye,
Thine antlers laid low, defying afar,
Thy mien is terrific—prepared for war.
Lo! they double, they turn—fast, fast, they pursue,
Over hill, rock and crag, known but to you;
Faster and faster,—thy path's growing dim,
Thine eyeballs dilated, with gory drops swim;
On, onward they press, the summit to gain,
With fear-winged feet thou speed'st o'er the plain.
Rush, rush for the lake, the moose is at bay.
He falleth, he riseth, a moment's delay,
A leap and a bound, a plunge,—he is lost.
His foes gain the shore, the flood he has cross't;
Go seek the far forest, pathless and dim,
Far distant from man—untrodden by him.

After this Address to the Moose, we listened to

hear one call. The night was fearfully dark; clouds in heavy masses rolled along to settle in one indescribable black mass; the wind came and went in fitful gusts, anon rising to a gale; the largest trees bent, as if in terror, from the blast, which detatching some heavy branch, raised it above the trees to fall with a heavy, crushing crash, while on the hill above the lake, by the margin of which we were encamped, the creaking of the smaller pines, mingling with the crashing of the uprooted trees, made the scene one of terrific grandeur and sublimity, as the vivid flashes of lightning revealed for a moment the havoc of the despoiler, while the the thunder echoed and reverberated along the hills. The rain fell in heavy drops, threatening every moment to penetrate our thin roof. The dogs started up, whined, then settled themselves comfortably before the fire for another nap. The hunters lighted fresh cigars and called upon the story-teller for the Dead of Savage Island. Who were they?

"My country's muse," rap't Denny cries,
"On thee I call, bestow thy prize,
The gift of song.
Heroic deeds inspire a muse,
Acadia calls, and these she strews
Thy path along.

From Inkerman, at Alma's flood,
From Kars, at Lucknow drenched in blood,
She trophies bore.

Where arts triumphant rears her fame,
Her artizans a niche retain,
Which fame drapes o'er.

Turn we from these, turn to the sod,
Where rests the dust called home by God—
The father's dead;
"These," said the muse, "ne'er sought my crown,
Posthumous fame be their renown:
Their path, oh tread."

Go toil for fame, go win a name,
Secure time's wedge can't sever;
When fails the sea, that work will be
Forever and forever.

The poor outcast, stunned by the blast,
A waif on misery's river,
Succoured by thee, thou blest shall be,
Forever and forever.

When there will be no restless sea,
No earth where hearts shall shiver,
No day, no night, no sun to light,
Forever and forever.

The days you live their impress give,
On high the scrolls deliver;
The scrolls will be, no end they'll see,
For ever and forever.

Call loud ye waves from restless ocean,
Ye surged, wailed ages too and fro,
By Savage Isle marked man's commotion,
As round your hollow moanings flow.

Who were these dead? no lithograph;
Life's mysteries o'er of joy and pain,
Of loves and hopes, flown like the chaff
Borne by the wind from winnowed grain.

The turbid surges answer me,
Like snow in Spring they disappear,
As moaning river sinks in sea,
They sank from earth ;—their tale oh hear.

DEAD ON SAVAGE ISLAND.

In days gone by—the days of old,
The Lord of Bearne, (a Baron bold,)
Lord Castine left the Pyrenees,
(Where orange groves perfume the breeze,)
For L'Acadie ; there wed a maid—
A sachem's heir—the chief was made
Of the Abenakis, who, west
Of Micmac's tribe, did warlike rest ;
Friends of the French in Canada,
They would not Governor Phipps obey,
Who ruled in Britain's name from shore
Atlantic, to Niagara's roar.

So ten times twenty Castine bid,
To join the French at Pemaquid,
Which on the far Penobscot lay ;
They razed the fort like trampled clay.
Micmacs, Castine and Villebon,
Victorious steer unto St. John ;
There re-embark the Indian band,
Upon their shores at home to land.
Church, who King William's standard bore,
Sir William Phipps bade to restore
To Britain's lawful rule the land.
All Villibon's attempts withstand,
To float the Bourbon Lilies where
The British Lion spread his lair.
When Church, who watched with eagle eye,
Saw Villibon defenceless lie,—
Darted like falcon on his prey,
And twenty vessels bore away ;
The rest escaped his fury, steer

Up Funday's shore and landed here ;
A holy grave the wounded found,
All human dust is sacred ground.

On consecrated ground they tread—
Here Fathers Beart and Massey led
A holy train.
A pix uplifted in the van,
And relict never seen by man
This side the main.

Three times around the cross was bore,
(Before Sir Kirk or Claude LaTour
Held patent name ;
Before the Mayflower's pilgrim band
Had raised a fane on Plymouth strand,
Or Popham came.)

This Isle was consecrate by prayer,
Their kindred dead to bury here
No priest forbid.
The convert Indian here to rest,
With bows and arrows on his breast,
Securely hid.

Now to Beau Basin Church has sailed—
The stoutest hearts within it quailed—
In two short days he laid it low,
To the wild woods pursued the foe.
French, Indians, fled in wild dismay,
Homes, flocks, and grain, the English prey.
To Savage Isle, with stealthy tread,
The Micmas bore their warriors dead ;
Here was the Indian rendezvous,
And here their Chief—brave Mambertou—
The lovely Renee, Bourgeoise bore,
From father's arms all stiff in gore,
By treachery slain, his child to shield,
He firm refused to take the field.
He Phipp's proclamation shewed,

To Britain his allegiance owed ;
With home-brewed ale and dainties stored,
He welcomed Church unto his board,—
His stores, his house, said Church could claim,
But still refused to stain his name,
When asked to aid in hunting down
The French who fled the burning town.
Bourgeoise had seen proud Church depart,
Had folded Renee to his heart,
Had striven by many a fond caress,
To soothe the fears that did oppress
His child; of that fair land had told,
Where peace forever does unfold
Her wings ; Bourgeoise from Bretagne came,
Renee, sole heir to wealth and name.
His sire had fled from fierce Navarre,
When he on Hugenots made war ;
In Renee's ear he pours their tale
Of faith and hope,—when speech did fail,
For lo! a shout and sudden light
Broke on the stillness of the night,
He shrieks, a bullet pierced his head,—
They fell, the living and the dead,
And by the blazing chapel's light,
The Micmac found them in that night,
And bore them to this sacred isle ;
Here Bourgeoise rests, unstained by guile.
When Ryeswick peace to nations gave,
Renee bent o'er her father's grave—
No home, no friends, (still woes pursue,)
She gave her hand to Mambertou.
Now smiling peace eight years had spread
Her blessings, when war's stealthy tread
Chiegnecto's plains 'gain drenched in gore,
And all war's horrid fruitage bore ;
Renee like Rachel weeping lies,
Her children slain before her eyes.
Now Mambertou guides through the wood
Unto Quebec, Castine, where good

Governor Vendrieul bids the twain,
Lest Britain neutral hearts should gain.
To tell the Priests most kind to be,
Strive to maintain their loyalty.
"To teach," else oral tales have lied,
"By British hands the Saviour died.
The English kill in ambuscades,
Let Indians scalp them in the glades."

The savage woke in Mambertou,
He homeward hastes to raise his crew;
On British heads the vengeance wreak,
Surprised them at the bloody creek.

'Mid alders where the rivulet glides,
Reflects the willow in its tide,
Which pendant grew;
Emblem of peace, it saw the strife
That human passion woke to life,
When the wild crew
Tracked British soldiers on the plain;
Their valour here alas was vain
Against the dart.
Around this creek in wild-wood shade,
An ambushed force secure arrayed
By savage art
And Gallic skill, the victims lure;
They twang the bow with aim secure,—
Some fall, some fly;
The rallying cry—how vain the call,
The British sink beneath the Gaul;
The blushing blood-stained brook for shame
As Bloody Creek preserve their fame.

He drove full fifty prisoners here,
And torture's horrid weapons rear.
Death like a friend does all release,
In Savage Isle they rest in peace.

Again timid peace upreared her head,

(But rankling hate still inly bled,)
Acadia's plains and mountain gorge
Was ceded by France to First King George.
Her father's fields and woods to view
One morn came Renee Mambertou,
And prattling by her mother's side,
A little daughter, but her pride—
Her warrior sons, lay low in dust;
Her Micmac Chief, by British curs't,
Had joined the French at Cape Breton,
From Louisburg did sally soon,
Crossing the passage De Fronsac,
Crossing thick woods without a track.
With horrid whoops and fiendish calls,
On Canseau's fishing village falls,—
Full twenty thousand pounds destroy,
And many scalps, with demon joy,
To Louisburg they bear away,
Then hasten on a new foray:
Seventeen fishing vessels seize,
Drive here their men and bind to trees,
Around them raise the loud pow-wow;
Hate rests on every Micmac brow,
Mambertou gives the fatal nod,
Their life-blood flowed along this sod.
With wailings low my tidal waves,
Sighed like a mourner round their graves.

The Chief, who ruled in Britain's name,
Fearing the French wree most to blame,
Our Governor, wrote St. Ovidee,
At Louisburg he should be free
In time of peace from war's alarms.
"Your neutral French do all the harms."
Replied the French St. Ovidee,
"Indians are independent, free;
My jurisdiction and control
Extends not o'er one neutral soul."
Grown bold by this, their deeds renew—

The Abenakis and Micmac crew,
By Mambertou and Castine led,
Annapolis surprised; their dead,
With scalps from child and woman torn—
A horrid booty! here was borne.
Tall silvery birch grew from their graves,
Which time has dropped into my waves.
Next, Castine hastes to Norrigiwoak,
The Indians courage all awoke,
Their allies join. A fierce array
Was closed around in deadly fray
By Englishmen. A fearful yell
The stillness broke, Mambertou fell.
On widely rolled the ensanguined flood,
The Kennebec was tinged with blood;
Here Father Pere Ralle was slain.
The chiefless tribes their home regain;
To Savage Isle with honors due,
They bore the lifeless Mambertou.
A hundred hills repeat the fires,
Enkindled when a chief expires,
By those who annually repair
With filial love to visit there.

Now Renee, daughter of the chief,
Grew like a lovely forest leaf,—
Hidden like her own mayflower,
She blushing smiled in wooland bower,
A happy thoughtful forest child;
Oft wandering on the sacred isle,
Oft wondering for a reason why
The teardrop filled her mother's eye.
Rich was that mother, for her sire
Her youthful mind did deep inspire
With learning's store; the Micmac tribe
Looked on her fair pale face with pride.
The black fox skins with silver grey,
And beaver furs before her lay
In heaps; and fields in flax and grain

Were her's, upon Cobequid's plain.
Yon aged elm perchance might tell
What changes have passed o'er this dell,
A sapling green it only saw
The Indian's form or sly crow's caw,
Now bursting from its parent earth,
The smooth ploughed hills to corn gives birth.
Through glades where Indian drew his bow,
Does commerce on the railway go ;
The brawling brooks from distant hills,
Are trained now to turn the mills.
Where the Cobequid village lay,
Do flocks through clover meadows stray,
And graceful villas dot the land
Where erst their low-roofed cots did stand—
When rough spruce logs did form the wall,
Divided into room and hall
By boards and bark ; with tough white clay
Each crack and seam inserted lay ;
The chimney stone—the resinous fire—
The sanded floor—and no desire
For foreign luxury or art
E'er lurking sought within a heart
That round those rustic hearthstones drew
A dwelling-place unchanged and true.
Unchanged each rustic maiden wore
The hood and kirtle, as of yore ;
'Twas worn in those fair lands afar,
Ruled by Margaret of Navarre.
When she set forth to wed her son—
The heir of France, and first Bourbon,
Whose bridal woke the vesper chime,
On Bartholomew's ill fated time.
Their customs, dress, and speech retain ;
Here father Jerome did remain,
At once the priest and judge for all ;
But seldom strife did here befall.
Like one large family they live—
Acadian—Indian, no poor to give

With niggard hand the scanty dole
Wrung from some rich, unchristian soul.
Now many village swains confes't
Strange feelings glowing in their breast.
When Renee pas't, her merry eye
Seemed like a sunbeam floating by,
Above the grain, where each ripe head
Seemed turned to gold, till it is fled,
Her face, where thought and ease combined,
Bespoke an intellectual mind,—
Yet unwoke, calm as the seas,
Unruffled by the evening breeze.

The night-hawk screams, the stars are out,
The sheep around in quiet lies;
The moon with solemn face moves on,
And listless droop the bright fire-flies;
When sleep from Renee's eyes has flown,
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

She steals from out her mother's cot,
And hastens to this island's brink,
(When girl and woman's age did meet.)
She sat beside the stream to think
Of life and death. Where is the soul
Such streams of thought so deep did drink.

Beneath the alder's tasselled boughs,
Her tear-wet cheek she sadly pressed,
When lo! a shadow on the waves,
Disturbed the current in her breast,
A haggard form before her stood:
Some food, he asked, and place to rest.

Sad Renee bent her eagle eye
A moment on the stranger's face;
On his pale features middle age
And deep emotions found a place,
His form was slight,—the will to do,
The soul to die, you there could trace.

So Renee guides the stranger's way
To where her mother's dwelling lay;
He said: "from Jersey's shore I came,
With two friends roved in quest of game.
We fell upon an Indian trail,
Was captive made when strength did fail;
My captors struck me down for dead,
And left me to be scalped,—I fled.
For weeks by thirst and fear oppressed,
I wished for death—to be at rest:
Saw yonder stream—a welcome sight,
And sought for shelter here to-night."
On Renee's brow spread shades of care,
While her good mother did prepare
A couch. Father Jerome's good will
Supplies to him a doctor's skill.
From simple herbs he healing drew,
'Tis found in all that drinks the dew.
Slow coming to his cheek and eye
Returning health you can descry;
Renee's instructor was meanwhile,
And the long wintry hours beguile
In pouring in her willing ear
The lore she fondly loved to hear.
Swift flew the weeks—as on they passed
Each one seemed shorter than the last.
In colleges was spent his youth,—
There searched in wisdom's page for truth;
He recitation's cadence strung,
While truths divine came from his tongue.
On the stone hearth the large logs glow,
While wildly drifts the blinding snow;
Cranny and crag fills with the roar
Of winds, over the mountains hoar,
Rushing they ring—a God swept lyre,—
Then onward they leap, and higher
The howl, till they sink in the tide,
There crashing and lapping the side
Of the ice-cakes; rising once more,

Gurgling, hissing, champ on the shore,
Tossing on sedge-beds—there sighing,
The storm indignant comes flying,
On, on, in the darkness it lifts
Tiny snow-flakes, and softly drifts
Round cottages, under the doors,
Down wide chimneys, over the floors.
O'er Bourgeoise's books there lying low,
The resinous pines bright fitful glow
Shows Renee's half inverted eye,
From task unto the teacher fly,
As he in accents soft and low,
Explains the book so she may know;
Then singing some old solemn chime,
Or ballad of the olden time
He seemed to Renee, listening near,
A being from a heavenly sphere;
Or sitting on the rustic seat,
Beside the bower where spruces meet
With ash, which late her leaves unfold,
Which, if frost-nipped, will turn to gold;
Watched swallows build their nests in spring,
Or listened while the robins sing,
While bees and butterflies rejoice—
Less sweet their song than seemed his voice;
Oft sitting there, the silver haze
Envelopes all the river's maze,
And airy, spreads o'er marsh and tree,
Behind its folds the full moon see,
While slowly in the far between,
One after one, soft stars are seen.
He told of history and war,
And other scenes transpired afar:
Of cities built in days of yore—
Of tyrants drenching lands in gore—
Of superstition's iron reign—
Of freedom soon her rights to gain;
Of Brainerd's zeal, and Whitefield's worth,
Of Nicodemus, and that birth

Revealed by him of Galilee,
Who stilled the winds and calmed the sea;
Spoke of the hallowed name of friend,
And that bright land where sorrows end,
Till lowering night called them away;
Thus passed the hours of setting day.

To Savage Isle, one fair May morn,
A light bark skiff was upward borne;
To bless the graves the Priest attends,—
This duty o'er, their steps he bends,
To mark the sod beneath which lie
Those who left Louisburg to die;
Said Renee then, "I fain would know
What drove them here. Who was the foe?"

LOUISBURG.

Proud Louisburg! The stone built pile—
The pride of France,—Cape Breton Isle,
Secure contain.
Of its first siege you fain would hear,
Sit on this sod and lend your ear:
I can explain.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

Night came: o'er mountain, rock and wave,
Its lengthening shadows twilight gave,
And wilder seemed their form,
Where Louisburg, in strong array,
Looked stronger in the dying day,
Daring, like oak, the storm.

The silken Bourbon banner gay,
Now drooping, caught the fading ray,
The Bourbon lilies close;
The sentinels paced the fortress wall,
And ready, waiting for a call,
The soldiers snatched repose.

One side was by the land enclosed,

But round the rest the ocean rose
In billows wild and strong ;
Here icebergs from the northern shore,
Meeting the Gulf stream, angry roar
The rocky beach along.

The flanking walls, with bastion deep,
Two and a half long miles did sweep,
Six feet and thirty high ;
Around this rampart ran a moat,
Where baseless forms in distance float,
But nearer search defy,

Two hundred yards enclosed by dyke,
With arrowy pickets and sharp pike,
And wedged ravelin.
With strong battery and bastion crowned,
Where bomb and cannon fiercely frowned—
Chevaux-de-frise bar in.

The granite towers, the drawbridge wide,
The citadel, and by its side
Fair stood St. Jean De Dieu,
The arsenal, the barrack squares,
The magazine, the streets broad, fair—
Looked on Atlantic blue.

Here organs roll, here church bells chime,
Here incense smokes at vesper time,
Here friar and the nun—
Pale woman weak, and manhood strong—
Full fifteen thousand in the throng.
Enclosed by wall and gun.

Six weeks had nearly come and gone
Since here, before this fortress strong,
New England's volunteers
In battle siege had straitly lay,
Now waited for the coming day
To storm the wall and piers.

At eve for success each man prayed,
And almost deemed it a Croisade;
Their motto Whitefield gave—
"Nil desperandum, Christ' duce."
This motto 'gainst the fleur de lis,
Upon their banners wave.

His axe the Iconoclast drew
By chaplain Moody, sound and true,
On in the van they trod;—
New England's bands by Pepperell led,
Whose pilgrim sires for freedom fled,
Still spurned a tyrant rod.

Three thousand plumes Massachusetts wave,
Connecticut three hundred gave
From village, farm and glen,
While ten times ten, thrice over told.
New Hampshire sent of yeomen bold,
With sloops and vessels ten.

Night after night heard oozy tramp,
As one by one across the swamp
Their heavy guns they drew;
In working as but works the man
Who future good or ill does plan
The hours of darkness flew.

And coming with that coming day,
"As morning's mists did roll away,"
The war storm's leaden hail.
At morn the French their dwellings fire,
Within the walls they all retire,
And strongest hearts did fail.

For deeply wreathed in sable smoke,
With deafening peals the cannons woke—
Echoes each mountain peak.
New Hampshire lads with huzzas reach,

By Vaughan led, the rocky beach
Which bound Comorin's creek.
And coming as the scorching breeze,
When fire runs through the hoary trees
They seize the Lighthouse Point.

Now flying with a demon yell,
The Indian route the carnage swell,
Writhe every nerve and joint,
Then poured like melted lava down
The Provincials on the leagured town,
And deadlier grew the fight.

They sink, they rise, they press, retreat.
The rustic masses upward beat,
Step on by step, the way,
While bugle notes above the din
Now close and closer urges in
The fierce ensanguined fray.

Louder, more awful than before,
Above the deadly cannon's roar,
Above the trumpet's call,
And pausing in their work of death,
Each for an instant holds his breath,
As round the fragments fall;—

For when the breeze had lifted there
The cloud of smoke that filled the air,
And hid the mountains hoar,
Beseiged and beseigers know
A gallant ship was lying low,
In fragments near the shore.

Atlantic's surging waters blue
Bubbled and hissed above the crew
Exploded in the port;
England, exulting, boasts the day,
When Warren took the ships away
From De LaMaison Forte.

Night to the fighting brought relief:
Six hundred men the Micmac chief—
Acadia's native pride—
With neutral bands from Minas fair,
Beau Sejour and Cheignecto there,
With French fought side by side,

And side by side in death they lie,
But noon, on lance upborne on high,
Beholds a flag of truce
From Pepperell to Duchambon,
Saying, "Your ships have Warren won—
Resistance is no use."

Then Duchambon gave up up the fort,
The citadel, and all in port
Of Louisburg the strong.
Forgotten, near Atlantic's wave,
Sleeping in death, repose the brave
Who earned the victor's song.

"But were you there!" exclaimed the maid.
"I Vaughan am," he faintly said.
To France Aix-la-chapelle
From Britain gave Cape Breton fair,
To balance power in Europe, where
Hungary's kingdom fell.

With quivering lip enquired Renee,
If Louisburg restored be,
Why did the people fall;
Savage Isle filled with the dead—
Wife, mother, orphan's hearts have bled,—
War, war has blighted all—
My childhood's home by it made drear,
And Renee turned to hide a tear,
And culled a pale Mayflower.
Acadia's emblem then did blow,
Blooming as now before the snow
Had left the woodland bowers.
My childhood's home, that magic name

The slumbering fires did far to flame
In Horace Vaughan's soul.
A moss grown tree his arm entwined,
Sad sighing to the graves and wind
These words which mocked control:

Home, home, my childhood's home how dear—
Thy well known woods and hills appear;
The lambs are frisking on the lea—
The brawling brook is dancing free.
The setting sun's last lingering ray
Is smiling on the flowers of May;
But dearer far that old elm tree,
In youth one spoke of love by thee,

Beneath thy shade love, fame how soon,
Hope pictured fair, fair as the moon,
Whose silvery light the gusty blast,
Which broke the branch and headlong cast
The robin's nest upon the sand,
Blew out. and hid on the smooth strand
The loved name which I had traced—
The rain and tide that name effaced.

Thou'rt witness yet, elm tree, that fame
Grew bright; that I to crown that name
A wreath might win. I toiled, ah! now
The wreath is won, but where art thou?
Gone, gone, ah me, years this lone heart
The impress kept thou didst impart,
Friends, fame—all, all that should rejoice,
To me was vain: I missed thy voice.

A sail! a sail! exclaimed Renee;
And starting from his reverie,
With hasty step he reached the shore;
The boatman threw beyond the tide
A packet; and from Renee's side
He darted past to seize the prize—
On news from home to feast his eyes,

While she, oppressed with coming woe,
Did slowly to the uplands go,
There sauntering in the willow's shade.
He joined her and his reading staid;
Said, "with this tide must haste away
To meet my friends far down the bay."
He was her friend, as such would know
The reason of his speechless woe.
She gave the cause.
* * * * *
He feels its truth and knows its claim.
But scarce the sympathy can blame
Which bade him wake the dormant power
Of intellect. Did man e'er shower
His pity on a woman's head
And not have love returned instead;
As well lift up the the tender vine,
And wonder why it would entwine
Its tendrils for support. He said:
"We'll meet again!" The boat has spread
Her sails. While he before the wind
Was borne, sick Renee lay, her mind
All dark with crushing grief—o'er wrought.
All woe begone. She rose and sought
The lakes and unfrequented vales,
The echoes sobbing with her wails.
Methought these echoes reached the glade,
And these, or such, the words they said:

'Tis morn: and morning used to bring
Joy, health and pleasure on its wing;
Bright flowers, how rich each well known hue
Are blushing in the morning dew,
And from the river's course the haze
Is stealing to my curious gaze,
Disclosing scenes of beauty rare,—
But I am sad, thou art not there.

Tis noon: and with the noon has come
Silence, where late was morning's hum.

My mid-day walk is past the hill,
Where roses wild the valleys fill,
Across the stream, how fresh the breeze
Which kiss those lofty, leafy trees;
Thy coming step I cannot hear,
And I am sad, thou art not near.

'Tis eve: o'er earth the setting sun
His gorgeous golden curtain flung,
And weary labor now may rest
Like sobbing child on mother's breast.
Each insect, bird and flower doth raise,
In beauty bright, a hymn of praise;
Ye charm me not, nor night nor day
Can give me ease, he is away.

Night spreads her curtain from afar,
And draws it down by a bright star,
White fleecy clouds float all around,
And fire-flies sparkle on the ground,
While on each vagrant zephyr heard
The murmur of the stream like bird
Singing some wild and wondrous lay,—
Still, still I'm sad, thou art away.

I sink in sleep: low, sweet and clear,
Thy much loved voice I seem to hear;
And in a dream, how glad I feel,
Thy sympathetic tones do steal
Unquiet thoughts, and o'er my soul
A halchyon spirit seems to roll,
Thy promise sounds so clear and plain:
We'll meet again, we'll meet again.

September saw the harvest end,
While rainbow tints so soft did blend
With summer juices. The cold dew
Sparkled on leaves—all their green hue
Now changed to purple, crimson and gold.
In his glory Solomon of old

Was not arrayed like one of these
Gorgeous and grand old forest trees.
Passenger birds from northern bay,
Like desert couriers hasted away
To Southern plains.

The ripe fruits fall,
The birds of song are silent all—
Except the redbreast—in leafless trees
Chants summer's requiem ere he leaves;
The howling winds, now rushing strong,
In fury sweeps the forest long,
And knotty pines, now bending low,
So fiercely wrestles with the foe,
Like David, lay their covering by,
Unclothed, the giant winds defy.
Renee sat mute, but on a book,
With placid brow she oft did look.
Like traveller by some limpid spring,
With crystal goblet dip't to bring
The cooling wave to his parched tongue,
But drops the cup on which had hung
His hopes of life; dismayed does lie
The healing waters rushing by;
Must die—with dreadful thirst oppressed,
Yet stoops and his parched lips do rest
Upon the floods, and drinks, drinks, drinks,
So Renee Mambertou on brink
Of hopes gone like a broken cup,
Does stoop, her sorrows gather up
And lays them all on him who bade
The weary, heavy-laden, sad,
To come to him for rest. She came
And drank from the great source, the same
A satisfying draught of love;
One human hand she asked above
The rest, to take her hand and guide
Her on life's rugged road. Replied
The Word divine, "The way am I."

One human heart wilt Thou deny—
My Father, oh my Father —one
Loved human voice, in orison
With mine to mingle, must it be,
Oh Saviour mine, denied to me—
It must, it must, Thy will be done,
I rest on Thee,—the victory's won.
Thy human heart remembers yet
A human woe ; thy face was wet
With tears on earth, and Lazarus, dead,
To Mary's arms recalled, and read
In all the workings of the human mind,
Thou sees't I cling to Thee. I blind
Do take Thee for my guide, Wandering
From thy fold my heedless step bring
Back, thou Shepherd wilt ; to Thee I look
In dark affliction's gloom—forsook
By earthly friend—for Thou art light—
In Thee all things must bring delight.
All that Thou biddest me do I will,
For Thou art strength—I know Thou still
Wilt strengthen me ; like John I rest
(For Thou art near) upon thy breast,
And resting thus, bear life's sorrow,
Safe wake in the undawned to-morrow.
Unquestioning where the path may lead,
To do Thy work I'll seek indeed.
Thus Renee felt a heavenly light—
Not like that which obscured the sight
Of Paul—but light which shewed to eyes
Fixed heavenward, the baffling, earthly prize
Of earthly love, forever must
Fail human hearts, 'tis dust, dust, dust ;
And faith and hope in the bright now,
In trust and strength shone on her brow—
Shone like the face of Blomedon
On a calm morn, when the bright sun
Bids the dark sea fog strike his tent
And hasten heavenward. Unbent,

With moistened brow and firm above,
Earth looks to Heaven, so Renee's love
Unshroudsd now by earthly things,
Of joy and praise a tribute brings,
To Him—the source of love. She pas't
From earth to heaven; she was the last,
Last of her race which claimed a grave
On Savage Isle by Funday's wave.

The moose-hunters thanked the story-teller, and enquired how Renee was the last of her race.

"Oh," replied Mr. Urban, "the Acadians were all expelled from the Province."

Perhaps as we have a fresh log to add to our fire, some one will give us the story of the Exiles of Cobequid.

The hunters unanimously voted that Mr. Urban was to tell us of the exile, which we reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

BLANDINE, OR THE EXILE OF COBEQUID.

Towards the close of the Spring of 1755, a few years after the treaty of Aix-la-chapelle had given peace to France and Britain,—when the aristocratic circles of St. James were attracted by the faces which Sir Joshua Reynolds had transferred to canvass,—when the future Admiral Collingwood was playing on the banks of the Tyne, and the noble Countess of Buchan was imbuing the mind of the future Lord Erskine with the doctrines of the shorter Catechism,—when Black was studying chemical affinity, and Hume was compiling his history of England,—while Dr. Hunter was preparing the lectures which made his name famous, and Burke studying his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,—senators listening in breathless silence to the eloquence of Lord Chatham,—while Watt was watching the condensation of the steam which he had caught alternately in a spoon and a cup from the teakettle,—e'er Adam Smith had enquired into the wealth of nations,—and while Clive was laying the foundation of the British Indian Empire, and Washington was settling on the distant and

pathless Ohio and Monagahela, the boundaries of the British American Empire, the Acadian farmers in a little village on the Bay of Cobequid were busily employed in finishing a new dyke which would exclude the tide from a large flat which they wished to bring under cultivation. Some of the men were gathering up the implements of husbandry, others were looking at the smoothing of the last sods till joined by their companions; they all departed homewards singing an old song, which had been sung by their forefathers in Provence or Normandy.

These villagers were industrious and economical, descended from the people who had taken possession of the Bay of Funday in 1603, they most assuredly could call this country their home.

A writer of Western scenes, in the Acadian Magazine in 1827, says of the scenery on the Bay of Funday—

> Delicious spot—
> Thy beauties fixed the bold adventurous band
> Who first found shelter on Cabotian strand;
> De Mont—Acadia's Cecrops, to thy shore,
> The lily standard of old Gallia bore,
> With social arts o'er stormy ocean came,
> Bright be his laurels, endless be his fame.

As the beauties of the country tempted the adventurous Frenchman to settle in Annapolis, so the fertility of the shores led their descendants, in

the course of one hundred and fifty years, to take possession of, and cultivate patches of soil on all the tributary estuaries and streams of Funday.

On a little spot of table land on the estuary of the Chigonois, very near to the centre of the village, stood two maidens watching a little boat which was coming rapidly upward with the tide; the men from the dyke paused in their song as they came up to the spot where the maidens were standing; the cows from the different pasture were being driven home by the bareheaded and shoeless lads, the sonorous cow bells blending with the tinkle of the sheep bells coming from the more distant woodland pastures. In a little time the party is joined by the good Abbe Morlott, the pastor of the village.

The boat approaches the shore and Henri Lapierre, Abbe Morlott's nephew, and his companions are warmly welcomed by the crowd.

The strangers soon find themselves seated at the supper-table, which is plentifully supplied by the nieces of the Abbe Blandine Lapierre and Rose Morlott. Fresh fish, potatoes, eggs, and milk, regaled the hungry boatmen.

The elder of these was well known to the Abbe as an agent of the Canadian bishop, to whose see the Cobequid village belonged, the other was introduced as a lawyer from Massachusetts, whom

the Indians had made prisoner, but had been given up to the agent.

After supper the strangers had time to look around the house, which was made of logs, divided into two rooms, the larger of these was occupied by the family as dining room and kitchen; the large stone chimney was in one end of the house, at one end of it was a bed, at the other a ladder which led to the attic. The upper part of the chimney was made of small sticks to form a square, this was covered inside and outside with mud from the bank of the river mixed with chopped straw, after the manner of bricks made in Pharoah's time; with this cement the cracks in the walls were filled. A bed was provided for the strangers in the inner room. A bed, brown flaxen sheets, linsey woolsey quilt, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling, were luxuries to which Ingersoll had been long a stranger.

After they retire, the maidens tell Henri how much they longed for his return, and of the fearful murders which the Indians had committed, "the strange English are scarcely safe my dear brother," added Blandine.

"The Souriquois are wild for revenge," observed her brother.

"Did you hear of poor Mrs. Wilson?" asked Rose.

"What about her," said Henri.

Her husband and son were both in the woods. —two Indians came into the house and asked when she expected them. "To-morrow night," was her reply. The Indians manner startled her, so she watched all night, but no one came. Next night a gentle tap came to the door, and—"Mother, let me in." Mrs. Wilson's quick ear detected the Indian in the voice; she bade him put his ear to the crack of the door and she would whisper something to him; she discharged the rifle, and the savage fell heavily against the door. When her husband returned, he found his wife in a swoon, and the dead Indian in the doorway.

After Henri and his uncle had retired, Blandine and Rose sat for some time watching the full moon which rose slowly, marking a glittering pathway over the waters of the bay, while the willows on the shore seemed to grow larger in the silver light until they were enshrouded in the airy covering of fog which completely hid all the marsh, swamp and river around the village at the base of the Cobequid hills in his Britannic Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia.

At breakfast, again the family meet.

"Here comes Pierre Barteau and Basil Bonang. to pay their respects to you," said Father Morlot.

"It is well," answered the Frenchman, glancing from Henri to Ingersoll.

Henri understood the look. "Blandine," said he addressing his sister, "could you not shew this sick man your garden."

"A walk to La Breu would improve his appetite," added her uncle.

In a short time the laughing Acadian maidens, knitting in hand, followed by Ingersoll—for so he bade them call him—sauntered from the garden up the hill, and seated themselves on a mossy windfall, enjoyed one of the many pleasant views in Acadia.

The hill was one of those steep, sandy headlands, nearly opposite the mouth of the Shubenacadie, which the tides and winter ice have, in the lapse of a century, greatly reduced by washing the loose sand into the water.

In front was the sparkling bay, a high calm tide flowing into the green grass outside the dykes on the opposite shore; little clusters of log houses were on the knolls by the marshes, where the Messrs. Loughheads, Christies, Crowes, Kents, M. McCurdy, and James Archibald have now such nicely cultivated farms; here (now Clifton) the Acadian and his friend the Indian hunted the beaver and the muskrat,—here the boys fished for eels or idly basked in the noontide sun,—the girls, bareheaded, tawny and ragged, sought among stumps and windfalls for flowers and berries.

Six or more houses were grouped by a brook on

a spot of upland; one fence surrounded the whole, apple trees were planted close to the buildings, and willows on the banks and brooks. Below this was the mouth of the Shubenacadie—a broad river, between two dark, woody hills.

Below the point where Ingersoll stood extended the village of Cobequid, of which the Abbe Morlot was the pastor. His parish extended to the place where J. Wier, Esq., now resides, and included all the settlements on the Shubenacadie and what is now called Onslow and Truro.

The fine marshes now owned by Messrs. King, W. Dickson, and M. McCurdy, were then owned and settled by a busy people, who had dyked and drained, planted and sown nearly all the Onslow marsh.

The village church, a long, narrow building, was near the glebe. Around the church was a cemetery enclosed by a rustic paling. Hard by was the smithy, where the agricultural implement were made or mended. Mills were near, both for sawing logs and grinding the grain. Neither stores nor inns were to be seen. None were required. Every family manufactured its own clothing, cider and wine,—every house was open to the stranger.

The course of the rivers was marked by strips of dark green intervales, until lost in the alder and

cranberry swamps, the abode of beavers, muskrats, and wild fowl.

Scollop-like patches of cleared uplands were around the houses. Outside these patches was a ring of land which had been chopped, burned, but only partially cleared and rolled. The piles of charred logs and decaying rubbish were covered by a creeping vine,—huge windfalls were shaded by raspberry bushes, while strawberry vines, purple weeds, grass, and young bushes grew luxuriantly in the open spaces, affording excellent pasturage for the sheep and young cattle excluded from the more cultivated fields.

Beyond this—away, away to the north, far over the summits of the Cobequid hills, lay the unbroken forest, where the moose, carribou, bear and fox were undisturbed except by the stealthy tread of the red man.

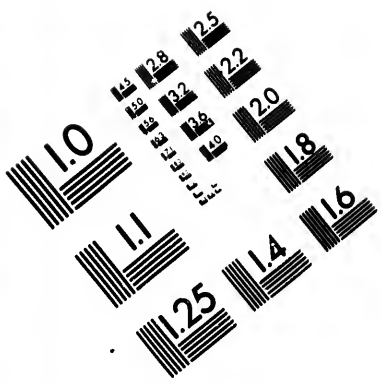
The houses were all built in the same style—made of logs hewn on the inside, the ends notched to fit closely, and roofed with split shingles or bark. The chimney of unhewn stone, usually was in the middle of the house, which was divided into two apartments by a rough partition. A shelf contained the pewter and wooden dishes. A rude loom, wheel, reel, a few chairs and benches of domestic manufacture, completed the furniture. The garret was the sleeping place for the younger members of

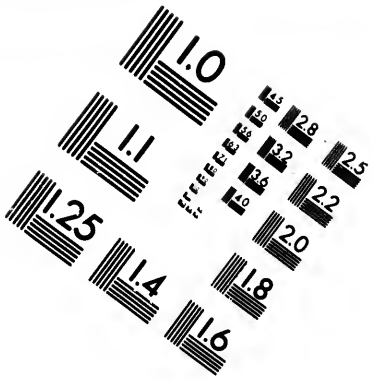
the family; the seniors occupied beds in the rooms.

Log barns large enough to contain the stock was built very near the houses, while the hay and grain was made into stacks on the marshes or rear the barns.

Ingersolt saw the parties of men in knit frocks, breeches, long stockings and untanned buskins and chip hats, busily engaged in repairing the roads and dykes, while others chatted beneath the broad shady willows, waiting for the fishing boats to come home with their glistening cargoes of shad and salmon. Fowls seeking food for their young thronged the doorway; ducks sported in the ponds; swallows were busy carrying mud to build and repair their nests—bob-o'-lincoln sung—robins hopped on the log fence, unmindful of the proximity of the party,—the roadside was gay with flowers—the air fragrant from blossoms. Women were spreading and sprinkling linen, spread on the grass to bleach. Children were chasing butterflies and each other—their happy voices ringing with laughter.

A faint smile broke over Ingersoll's face as his quick eye took in the scene before him. He was young, but captivity and sickness had made his fine features pale and haggard. He was a well educated lawyer in easy circumstances, who had been for months a prisoner in Canada.





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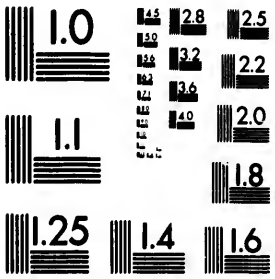

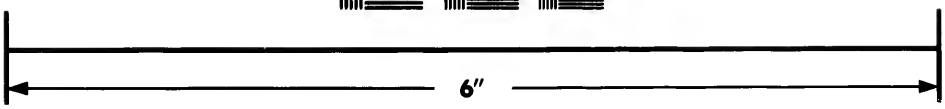

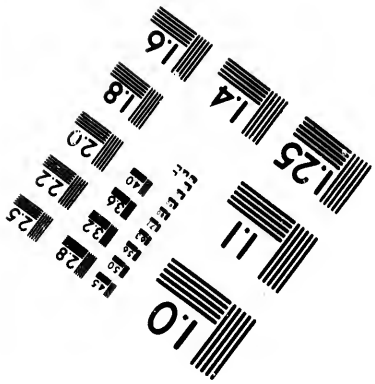

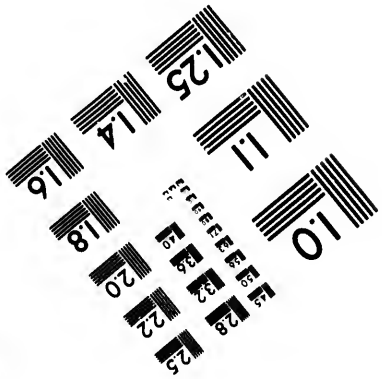

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As they sat on the hill he had time to note the dress and looks of the cousins.

Blandine Lapierre was a tall girl of some twenty-three summers, with raven hair, red cheeks, and large, flashing black eyes. Rose was slight, fair-skinned with flaxen hair and a mild blue eye; she was an English girl whom the good father had bought from the Indians when she was only four years of age.

Meanwhile, the party in the house eagerly enquired of Henri, who was one of the Acadian deputies to the Government at Halifax, and had been to consult De la Jonquere, Governor of Canada, about the oath of allegiance, "What are our orders."

"The orders of France are to be at peace," replied Henri. "La Loutre will give you the particulars."

At this moment the Abbe La Loutre finished reading a letter which had been brought in by Pierre. Educated in Paris, La Loutre was one of the most accomplished and energetic of the society of Jesus. This pre-eminently fitted him for his mission to America.

When the Earl of Albemarle, British Ambassador to the Court of St. Germains, had represented to the King of France the outrages which were committed by the French and Indians on his

Britannic Majesty's subjects in America, the French Cabinet returned a favorable answer to his remonstrance, and sent circulars to the Governors of Canada and Louisburg for them to restrain these depredations, but despatched La Loutre to see how they should be executed.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, dropping the letter from his hand, "these three hundred men may ruin us. I must go to Beau Sejour without delay."

Telling Henri in a few words that a fleet of forty vessels lay before Chiegnecto, that Beau Sejour and Barge Verte were closely besieged, he told Henri to row him up the Shubenacadie to meet the Indian Council which was there assembled to await his orders.

Among the common people La Loutre passed for an agent of the British Government, whose duty it was to see that they had provided the necessary meat and fuel for the forts.

Meeting a group of men he asked in an authoritative tone if they had provided the additional contingent of men to work on the forts.

"Our Father Morlot will arrange the matter with you," replied the man in an humble tone, "we will do as he desires us."

"Very well," but no delay, no setting of prices. Hark ye, sirrah! take what the commander at the fort pleases to give."

Embarking in a rude boat La Loutre was rowed to the mouth of the Shubenacadie to await the next tide; here he visited the Indians encamped on those knolls and slopes which are now occupied by the gardens and dwelling-houses of Dr. Brown, A. M. Cochran, Esq., and the Parsonage. From the uplands of Mr. Whidden and J. Putnam, Esq., to the residence of Captain William Douglass, was a broad mud flat. Where the shipyards and stores of the Messrs. Frieze and Sydney Smith now stand in Maitland, then lay a fleet of Indian canoes which the rising tide gently lifted from the mud and bore majestically up the river.

As La Loutre was seated in the canoe he might have noticed the fine growth of heavy timber which clothed the banks of the stream; he also might have seen that the rocks at the mouth of the river were a black, laminated, crystalline limestone, unfossilliferous, capped with gypsum and marls, having a southwesterly dip. Further up the stream he passed marly sandstones with reddish, fibrous gypsum veins. The river at its mouth was a mile in width, the tides rising fifty, and sometimes seventy feet, bearing them on at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The precipitous banks, moulded by the waters into all sorts of fantastical shapes, were fringed and overhung with trees of great beauty. As he still further ascended the

river scores of eagles were hovering over the cliff of grey and brownish red sandstone where their eyries had been built ages before the white man ascended the stream. Nearly opposite this a snowy gypsum rock rose fully one hundred feet in perpendicular height. It was of a curved form, the base was limestone and hard plaster, fossil shells were very abundant in it, and a few fossil plants were to be seen at the eagle's nest.

Onward swept the slight swift canoes to where the little, brawling, five mile river, falling through a narrow ravine, its steep percipitous banks in places overhanging and shading the stream, fell into a broad cove, which is now turned into fine marsh.

The traveller of the present day, after descending the Five Mile River hill, and ascending the opposite one, pausing for a moment near the new two-storey house of W. McDougall, Esq., cannot fail to be pleased at the romantic view here presented,—the fairy dell at his left—the smooth expanse of marsh —the broken, uneven ground below the saw-mills, from which the tame stream seeks its tortuous course to the tide,—the pretty white cottages and stone houses; thence the eye rests on the very abrupt rising uplands across the marsh—the beauty of the foliage—the broad muddy river, and the glimpses of the Colchester side seen round the

point, is now very pretty; how much more wild and romantic it must have appeared before man had marred its pristine beauty.

On the Five Mile River are beds of shells and grey sandstone compressed into all sorts of shapes; these beds La Loutre passed. Did he enquire why what had been once soft mud, deposited as a pail of turbid water deposits its sediment, had assumed the hard and brittle character it now exhibited? What power had formed these beds so fantastically? or passed he them as many pass them now and not know that they were ever disturbed.

At the point above the river, a coral and shell cliff, nearly fifty feet in thickness, reminded them of St. Anthony's pitutary member, and as two marly cheeks rest lovingly against it, modern boatmen call the cliff Anthony's Nose.

On the left hand, near this, were houses marked by clumps of willows and apple trees. Little, half-clad children watched the travellers, whilst the men leaned on their spades and gazed listlessly at the passing canoes. Now sandstone and lime on the right bank, and gypsum on the left, walled in the stream, birch and maple trees overhang the bank, no marsh—only mud flats were to be seen at different places; soon they reach the Stewiacke which flowed through a fine valley from the east.

In the long gone ages this valley had been a finely sheltered bay, where the coral tribes reared their mausoleums in peace and security; now it was a good hunting ground, the uncultivated intervales agreeably diversified by gravelly ridges which jutted into the soft alluvium. On one of the dry ridges on the estate of the late Mr. Pollock, and near the house of Mr. Daniell, Lower Stewiacke, was the principal camping ground of the Indians,—here they built their canoes, prepared their furs, and speared the salmon. From this place a large number of canoes, filled with Indian warriors, joined the voyagers.

Opposite the fort the now excellent farm of Mr. Ellis was a steep cliff, covered with huge forest trees; the marsh was then a red mud flat. From this point the stream narrowed; broad strips of marsh lay between the water and the wooded uplands. On the right hand was a hallowed spot where the ashes of the Acadians and Indians had long reposed side by side in peace; around it was a little cluster of Acadian farmers; the mass house was very small; here they stop a moment—the chiefs and La Loutre land, perform their devotions and hasten upwards to the meeting place of the council. Now they pass the St. Andrew, which had been once the centre of a broad expanse of water, the channel through which the tides of

Funday had deposited the sediment which the modern gold digger washes from his cradle when in search of gold among the slate and conglomerates near the old Halifax road, some three or more miles from the present flow of the tide.

At the carrying point they disembark, and carry the canoes over an isthmus three rods in width, thus saving a detour of a mile. Since this time the waters have cut a passage through the narrow neck of land, the old river filling up with drift wood. The flats and marshes had given place to intervales; magnificent elm and ash trees grew near the water; a thick undergrowth of alders and gall bushes, mixed with the chokeberry and wild cranberry, grew nearer the uplands.

From the carrying point to the uplands beyond the Maypole brook, Epgay and Gay's river was the haunts of the wild fowl—the duck and the goose swam in stately grandeur round hummocks covered with cranberry vines. On the upland points, covered with pines, oaks, and maples, were to be found the lairs of all those animals prized by the red man for either flesh or fur. The council ground lay near the mouth of the Maypole Brook, where the main road of the present day skirts the Shubenacadie.

Some thirty years ago, when the plough first turned the sod where the road is now made, a large

circular patch of ashes mixed with the remains of bones and shells was turned up, the depth of the deposit and its distance under the surface proving that here the Indian had encamped perhaps for centuries, and although from all these intervales the last cranberry vine has disappeared before the mower's scythe, still the old Indian loves to linger Spring and Fall around the traditionary hunting ground, seeking a stray musquash up the meadows, or, leaning on his gun, apathy and wonder blended in his countenance, gazing at the threshing machine surrounded by the busy farmers. One of these—Louis Paul—a chief without a nation, stood on the brow of a hill which overlooked this river valley. It was one of these lovely October evenings, warm and calm, when the white, silky films of the gossamer float slowly on the air. The Indian stood perfectly still as if unconscious of our approach. On accosting him, he started, raised his arm and pointed to the village and the intervales.

"Do you see that?" he said very slowly.

"Yes! is it not lovely," was our answer.

The prospect was one worthy of admiration;—behind us was the rolling upland with its light and dark shadows; the rainbow hued foliage, gilded by the setting sun; the white farm-houses with every window "afire"—the river—the intervales—the cattle and the sheep; no sound broke the stillness,

except the rustle of the dropping leaf and the faint and yet fainter whistle of the trains.

"That country was once ours. You took our hunting grounds and leave us nothing. No use to hunt—no game. All gone; and Indian must soon follow." He turned as he spoke, and disappeared in the forest.

Poor Louis! sad representative of your tribe, which one hundred years ago was one of the most powerful and warlike of those who assembled at the order of the emissary of the all powerful Louis, King of France, who, when he came to the Maypole Brook, found the braves assembled from the Musquodoboit, the Gays, Stewiacke, St. Andrews, and the Cobequid, as well as from the Dartmouth Lakes. The council fire was kindled near the tree from which the place derived its name. In a semi-circle sat the old men around the fire, outside of them the young men, and at an equal distance behind these the youths. Near them on the ground lay a large pile of scalps.

La Loutre was received in silence. He seated himself opposite the chief, and produced a large golden crucifix, the badge of his authority. He pointed to the pile of scalps and counted five gold pieces for each one that they laid down. The Indians signify their pleasure by a fiendish yell and dance round the council fire.

Silence being restored, the chiefs arrange with La Loutre for an immediate attack on the defenceless village of Dartmouth. A war party is to ascend the river and lakes and be ready to attack the place by the next night, whilst another party is to join their brethren at Pesiquid for an attack on the distant and feeble settlement of Merlignish.

"The neutrals," said the Frenchman, addressing the chiefs, "will assist you with provisions, which you will find stored on the rivers, and, so far as they can, with men. You restore the prisoners, but for all the scalps I will pay you in gold."

The chiefs, in order of seniority, replied to this address. They recounted the deeds of the departed braves, as well as the prowess of the living, to incite themselves to new and more daring deeds.

Then La Loutre praised their daring in the name of his master the King of France, recalled to their minds the extent of their own and his dominions. "From Louisburg and Canada to the sources of the great St. Lawrence; thence to the Mississippi, down the father of waters to the Gulf of Mexico is all occupied by the French; we will confine the heretics to a strip on the ocean, whence they will be driven into the waters."

The council ended, they dance and prepare for the expedition.

The encampment lay a short distance below the Maypole Brook, by the edge of a spring which flowed into the river. Here some of the women were busy sewing new and repairing old birch bark canoes. In this primitive shipyard neither broad axe nor caulking mallet was required. The frame-work was made of split ash shaped with a knife and moulded by hand; this was covered by sheets of white birch bark, sewed round the woodwork with the tough rootlets of trees. Rude and simple as this canoe may appear, the swiftest and most approved blockade-runner is constructed on the model of an Indian canoe. The wigwams were formed of poles stuck into the ground and secured at the top by a withe; this circular enclosure was covered with birch bark,—a blanket or skin covered the aperture which served for a door,—the centre was occupied by the fire, the struggling smoke finding its way out at the top. Boughs were laid around the fire; these served the family for seats. Dogs snored around the camps; papooses lay sleeping in their cradles strapped to their mother's backs, their brown faces upturned to the sun. One mother sat apart nursing a dying babe, she had prepared a tiny carrying belt, a little pail and paddle, to aid her child in the spirit land. Sad, sad mark of degradation;—her hope of a future for a dying daughter went not beyond the badges of

her domestic servitude. How much woman owes to the gospel—not only her hopes of a happy hereafter but her position and happiness here. The gospel and the gospel alone, lifts her from a state of servitude and places her on an 'equality with man.

Beside the spring some women were preparing the feast for the congregated warriors. Over the fire were suspended cauldrons containing a savory stew of porcupine, cariboo, and duck; salmon were roasting before the fires—a piece of ash some two feet in length was split and the fish inserted wedge fashion into it and crossed by other splits, and the end planted firmly into the earth at a convenient distance from the fire. After the repast the warriors proceeded up the river to the Grand Lake.

For some distance from the encampment the intervales of Messrs. Frame and McHeffey were covered with magnificent elm and ash trees, mixed with clumps of alders. The stream abounded with various kinds of fine fish, which went up to the lakes to deposit their spawn. Now was the season for the migration of the eel—a column of them, the breadth of a man's hand, swam up each bank close to the shore, each individual appeared nearly of the same length and size—about as long as a darning-needle and a very little thicker; when the advance

on the line of march (so to speak) came to a brook, creek, or river, the portion allotted to the tributary turned up it without breaking the main column, each one appearing to know its appointed place. On the higher parts of the intervales the Indians cultivated maize and potatoes around the maples which afforded them their supplies of sugar.

The warriors from the vicinity of the Musquodoboit go up the Gays river, which is also the highway to the Atlantic. The party for Dartmouth reach the head of the tides, some distance above the new bridge on the Shubenacadie near the railroad; here the banks of the river again become precipitous, abounding in plaister pits; steep limestone rocks give place to slate quartz and granite, which extend around the lakes and on to the Atlantic coast. The whole length of the Province is bounded by this dreary, rocky country, with patches of bog and barren, offering few inducements to the agriculturist, yet in a great part of it producing hard and soft wood forests,—the oak being the peculiar ornament of the western Atlantic shore, as the aspen is of the eastern districts; and the lakes, their steep, bold, rocky, percipitous sides clothed with feathery junipers, or the pines and hemlocks.

When all the country between the Cobequid and Rawdon hills was an arm of the sea, its bays perhaps swarming with life—scaly monsters of a

pre-Adamic period stalking among the vegetation which covered its shoals and beaches; then some mighty convulsion of nature, which caused the pillars of earth to shake, threw up from her foundations these rocks inlaid with golden ore, and scattered them abroad upon the surface of the land, and formed this magnificent chain of lakes, like a bracelet of sparkling gems enchased in quartzite and gold, mementoes of the once unbroken sheet of water which had stretched from the Atlantic to the great Funday bay.

They pass through the Grand Lake which is about nine miles long by one broad. This sheet of water is one of great beauty, ledge upon ledge of rock stretched in places far away from the edge of the water; in others it rose, a seemingly unbroken mass, to the height of several hundred feet, and clothed to the summit with larch and spruce; in other places its steep, adamantine sides were smooth and bare, loose boulders lying on the summits of the very steepest cliffs. From the Grand Lake the river leads into four smaller ones, but this country all around is thickly studded with those glittering sheets of water varied only by the character of the surroundings, some of them being edged with green swampy borders, innumerable lilies floating and dancing on the margin.

Now they have reached the last of the Shuben-

acadie lakes, the head of the water which flows to the bay. The party draw out the canoes—the portage is very narrow—and drop them into the waters which run southward into the Atlantic through the Dartmouth Lakes. The region around these lakes is very desolate, the water calm and untroubled, reflects the lowering summits above: a fine wild verdure here and there creeps up the precipices, some of them look like a huge tempest-tossed wave of the ocean suddenly arrested and frozen into eternal granite. Further on, the water murmurs gentle measures as it glides onward to the next lake, from which recedes a long, high mural precipice crowned with trees. On the other side is to be seen round smooth columns of granite, denying vegetation a resting spot; horrid chasms and ravines yawning between the sharp wedge like peaks scattered here and there. The extent, dreariness, solitude and grandeur of the country between the lakes and the Ardoise hills fills the mind with awe, the stillness and desolation, unbroken except by the voice of the wild fowl or the crackling of the underwood as some denizen of the forest seeks the lake to quench its thirst.

And the plains, if plains they can be called, which bear the marks of such tearing in pieces, such a breaking up; rocks sharp, razor-like—rocks rounded, water-worn—rocks of every size and form

cover them, as if tossed over those thunder-split and shaggy peaks as a luckless bowl of sugar is off a table.

On one of these valleys rises a huge round rock, its base divided by a large fissure, in which a tiny seed had become rooted—thence extending upward, a goodly sized bush spread its branches over the summit, suggesting the image of a successful competitor at the olympic games transformed into solid rock, his head wreathed with a crown of everlasting laurel.

The Indians hide their canoes on the margin of the last lake, now called the first lake, and steal out to reconnoitre the little town of Dartmouth.

Dartmouth had been settled in 1750, and in five years some of the houses and gardens near the water's edge were very comfortable, but the whole of the little town was surrounded by thick woods. Very soon after dark all the lights were extinguished except two, and the foe watched impatiently for the town to sleep. In that cottage where the upper light is seen, a little child lay dying. All day she has wrestled with the strong arm of death. At eve she sank into a slumber; on awakening, she said: "Ma, ma, please read my chapter—the story of the meek sufferer at Gethsemane, from the garden and cross to the empty tomb," and the

risen Saviour had often cheered Jessie in a long and weary sickness.

"Oh pa, ma, why do you weep?" asked the dying child, as she looked from one tear bathed face to the other.

"Jessie, who said 'suffer little children to come to me,'" they asked her.

"It was Jesus, I know it was Jesus," replied the dying child, "and I am going, I am going to Him."

Again she slumbered for some time—started up and exclaimed: "Music, oh listen?" turning her head as if to catch a glimpse of the singer, Jessie's gentle spirit returned to Him who gave it. Friends looked wistfully, oh how wistfully, on that face, smiling and beautiful in death, and ask "Is she gone?" Tear-dimmed eyes gaze on these calm features and this cold clay; and is this all? She has lived her little life through swiftly, and has passed to the presence of the mighty—dead—a voice has called, she heard it and is gone. Dead—yea, rather blessed. "I heard," said the lone watcher in Patmos, "a voice saying unto me write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This voice Jessie heard and obeyed. The deep sobs which could not be restrained—the bitter weeping round that lifeless dust—the low wail of a mother's agony, which God heard on his great white throne, and answered with the words of everlasting life,

that great hope and trust which a Saducean or heathen mother never knew—"I am the resurrection and the life, him that believeth on me shall never die."

Nearer the water's edge, the Indians watched the other light, where the fisherman's family gathered round the fire-place; the resinous logs threw a broad flickering light over the stone hearth and around the room. Nets, lines, hooks, &c., the implements of their craft, were hung on the walls, while wet clothing hung round the fire. The family consisted of the fisherman and his wife, five sons and one daughter-in-law, her little boy, and a sailor.

On an old table some of them were playing cards by the light of a burning rag floating in a saucer of oil. The mother, with a smile on her rather masculine countenance, sat in the corner listening to her grandson repeating the oaths which sailor Bill was teaching the lisping boy.

"Kit," says the mother to her daughter-in-law, "get a bit to eat and drink."

Kit obeyed, and lifting the cover of an iron bake-kettle which hung over the fire, she took out a thick cake and placed it on the table. The men ate the bread, and after draining the contents of a black flask, sank down on the bench and floor to sleep—a sleep too deep to be broken by the stealthy tread of the Indians, who creep up when the light is

extinguished. Kit, who had awakened to give her boy a drink, saw them pass the door of her room, awoke her husband—jumped through the casement, and ran to the house where they were watching the dead. Several of the neighbors were with the mourners; these, seizing some firearms, run for the fisherman's house, but too late to save the hapless inmates; the house is in flames and two of the men scalped. The party fire, one of the Indians is killed, the village aroused, but the foe escape to their canoes, yet without plunder, and with the dead Indian. Thus Jessie's death saved the village. While the braves of the Micmacs, faithful to the rites of their fathers, hasten through the lakes to celebrate the funeral ceremonies of their departed brother. With all speed they go to the mouth of the Shubenacadie; thence up to the head of the bay to the island burial ground; here they meet a number of the Abenakis who stay to honor the dead, for he was a chief. The body, dressed as a warrior, painted red and black, a belt of snakeskin rings in his ears—a red ribbon supported a large tin gorget, a present from the King of France, on his breast—a pipe at his lips, and a scalping knife in his hand, and at his side a large, well-filled wooden bowl; thus was the warrior seated on the green hill side. A speech, reciting the deeds of the dead man, was chanted; the death dances and chants began—the

hum of human voices mingle with the sounds of rude music. Thus, surrounded with what pleased him when alive, and well provided with food, he was placed in his last resting-place under the sod. The Abenakis, intoxicated by strong drink received from Louisburg, excite the most angry passions of the Micmacs, by reciting the sorrows they had suffered from English perfidy and English power. All night long the woods rang with their shouts. The Souriquois were wild with dance, song, and revelry.

When the Indian council broke up the Rev. Father La Loutre returned to the Cobequid.

The natural or salt marshes, covered with sedge (*carex hava*) and goose tongue, attracted his attention. At the river where he landed (now the Folly,) he remarked a submerged forest, which the accumulated mud of a century has hidden from the modern boatman.

Stopping at this village for refreshments and a guide, both awaiting him by the ready forethought of Henri La Pierre who here met him, they started by the shortest route for Beau Sejour.

The portage between a stream emptying into Minas Basin and a river discharging its waters into Cumberland Basin, is very narrow; the guides brought him to the source of the latter. Soon the river becomes navigable, the Indians procure a

canoe, launch it, and paddle swiftly down the river and across the head of the basin. La Loutre's eye kindled with pleasure as it rested on the gentle slopes of the densely wooded uplands, and the broad extent of the marshes covered with grass and samphire; these exceeded anything which he had as yet seen in the new world—upwards of sixteen thousand acres of this rich alluvium fringing Chiegnecto and Beau Sejour Basins. It was low tide as the light canoe glided over the smooth water; his attention was attracted to a submarine forest like the one he had noticed on the Cobequid river, but of far greater extent; the stumps appeared to be firmly rooted into a reddish sand like the upland of the hill. To the astonishment of the Jesuit he at once saw that the alluvium rested on an old upland forest, upwards of one thousand acres of table land turned into a submarine forest and supporting this prolific grass-growing plain.

"Mon Dieu!" he mentally exclaimed, "this is a most wonderful land,—what a discovery I have made this morning,—how it will astonish the college at Paris."

Shoving the canoe to the nearest stump he proceeded to examine it more closely, but this was not so easy a task as it at first appeared to be, for when leaning over the edge of the canoe it came near upsetting, so desiring a man to jump into the

water and steady the canoe he grasped the stump and found the rootlets of it were entire and covered with bark, thus proving beyond the possibility of a doubt, that this was the place of its growth.

He sailed up the La Planche to learn that the French had been defeated on the Missiguashe; Beau Sejour and Baie Verte were in possession of the English; the garrisons with three hundred Acadians made prisoners.

La Loutre's first step was to seek an interview with the Acadian prisoners. He presented himself to the guard, and in polite English informed him that he had been sent to see a dying man. He passed into the barn in which they were confined, and instructed the neutrals to say that the French had compelled them to bear arms in their defence against their own will. He then sought an interview with the leaders of the expedition, Colonels Moncton and Winslow. Before them he pleaded the cause of the prisoners so faithfully and yet so fearlessly, that Winslow permitted the Acadians to return to their homes. He sent the French people to Louisburg and garrisoned the forts with English men. He named Beau Sejour, Cumberland, in honor of the Duke, and Baie Verte he named Moncton, in honor of his friend the gallant Colonel Moncton.

In a very few days the French and Acadian

prisoners left the forts and the whole country seemed to be tranquilised.

The Father La Loutre repaired to Louisburg to consult with the Governor of that fortress on the prospects of France. Winslow and Moncton repaired to Halifax by water to assist at a meeting of council presided over by His Excellency Sir C. Lawrence, the Governor of Nova Scotia.

This town, the English capital of Nova Scotia, had been founded by Cornwallis in the Summer of 1749, and in six years time contained perhaps five hundred houses. The Governor and six councillors combining both the Legislature and Judicial authority were absolute in all cases. At this council board a different policy from that they had pursued towards the Acadians was, day after day, debated. But before we notice the effects of this minute of council, it will be necessary to look for a moment to the circumstances which led to it.

These neutral Acadian French, so called neutral from professing to take no part in French and English quarrels, should have lived in peace, but instead of being preserved from injury by holding this character, they suffered from it; for, while mistrusted by the English, their unsuspicious character made them the ready tools of the crafty and designing French statesmen and others, by whom they were in turn abused, hated, and robbed,

completely without protection from either party. The peninsular region which they occupied, rich in ocean and river fisheries, in fine harbors, in the interior large tracts of alluvial lands, the peninsula, as well as the adjoining continent, adapted to the chase and fur trade, had become very dear to this people, who could here look back on their forefathers graves for generations. Here the Britons had settled, built their houses and planted their trees sixteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock.

(The oldest town in North America is in Florida, where the Spaniards settled in 1565. DeMonts is said to have landed in Nova Scotia in 1603 or 1604, and the English came to James Town in 1605. Quebec was settled in 1608 by the French, and the Dutch settled on the Hudson in 1610. In 1620 the Puritans landed in Massachusetts. In 1631 the French colonized the Penobscot, and British Catholics the Cheseapeake in 1634. The Hugenots came to Carolina in 1661, and the French settled in the Sault and Kaskaskia about the year 1670. In 1682 the Quakers founded Philadelphia. New Orleans was settled in 1717 by Frenchmen, and the Merrimac by Irish Presbyterians in 1729. Georgia was settled by emigrants under Oglethorpe as late as 1732.)

Thus to America, three thousand miles from his

home came the Hollander and the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, the Protestant carrying with him the memory of an Alva and a Bartholomew-eve,—the stately forest trees around his new home reminding the Catholic of those majestic columns—the noble Cathedrals, the almost imperishable works of art—the accumulated piety of centuries—all broken, trodden to the earth by the Protestants.

And with the growth of their respective English and French settlements, sectional jealousies, as well as religious bigotry, had engendered and kindled the warfare. The children of the Pilgrims were taught to abhor Popish cruelties and superstitions, —their infant blood curdled as they turned the New England Primer to see John Rogers burnt at the stake in Smithfield, and the picture of his wife with nine small children, and one at the breast, formed the theme of their childish conversations, while the Roman Catholic Missionaries quietly taught the faith of their church and the hatred of the English among the Abenakis and Micmacs, as they watched the tides rise on the banks of the Shubenacadie and Sissiboo, or trapped the fox on the slopes of the Cobequid and the sources of the Musquodoboit and St. Mary.

Old New England Primer, other children than those of the Puritans have admired your lovely

frontispiece—have been hushed to sleep with your sweet cradle hymn—have learned your alphabetical texts and your proverbs—have imagined the flames around poor John Rogers to grow redder, while the hatred which the sight of him engendered might have lasted. I know not how long,—it did last however, until I learned that the Catholics of Maryland extended liberty of conscience to all within the bounds of the State, (they being the first on the American continent to set the glorious example,) while the Puritans of New England persecuted Roger Williams when printing and teaching the Primer.

The treaty of Utrecht in 1713, ceded Acadia to Britain; yet the Acadians were hardly conscious of a change of Sovereigns—the language, religion, and usages of their ancestors were stamped on their souls. In 1730 the Acadians had taken an oath of fealty and submission to the King of England as Sovereign of Acadia. They were promised indulgence in the exercise of their religion, and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians. Their religion made them part of the diocese of Quebec. In 1749 Governor Cornwallis wished to tender, unconditionally, the oath of allegiance to them. Rather than take the oath, one thousand signed a letter asking for leave to sell their lands and effects and leave the Peninsula.

This proposal was made by the French Embassador to the Secretary of State at St. James; but as this would only tend to strengthen the hands of the enemies of King George this request was peremptorily refuscd. They were known as French neutrals.

One express condition of the treaty of Utrecht was, if they continued in the country over a year they became subjects of Great Britain. But for nearly forty years after the peace they systematically opposed all attempts of the British Government to interfere with them.

Neutrals in name, they were in deed, active enemies of Great Britain. To become subjects they must take the oaths required of subjects. It can be no question but the refusal to take such oaths invalidated their titles to the lands which they occupied. The very simplicity and gentleness of character, and the doubts which existed respecting titles, were taken advantage of by crafty priests and designing statesmen.

The Abbe, Missionary and Curate of Missagouche, now Fort Lawrence, formed the plan, (and sure of his iufluence over his people and fellow-priests, aided by the Court of France,) to entice the Acadians from their homes, and plant them on the frontiers as a hedge against the English, or else raise them at home as hornets among them.

The all-powerful parish priests usurped all authority in secular and military as well as spiritual matters over the simple and confiding Acadians. They made their records, regulated their successsions, and settled thesr disputes, neither permitting appeal to magistrates, nor suffering taxes to be paid to them; their paramount object being to aid Canada and extirpate the British.

The Acadians prospered; their houses were built in clusters, (for the French and German nations ever favored Feudalism and monarchial institutions, settling in villages, while the sentiment of individuality is the parent of republicanism, impatient of restraint and leaning only on its self-directing mind, was ever pointing to emigration and the discovery of new territories,) and on the edges of marshes of exuberant fertility, "from which a great amount of social labor," so says their historian, the Abbe Reynal, "had excluded the tide." These were covered with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; wheat yielded thirty or forty fold; flax was abundant; cloth, linen and woollen, was manufactured by their wives and daughters. From Louisbnrg they had their supplies of foreign luxuries in return for wheat and flax. Their morals were pure. As a general thing they all married young. Before a marriage the community gathered and built them a house. They all lived as members

of one great family, happy in neutrality and in the plenty drawn from their native land. This is the pleasant picture drawn by the good Abbe.

But an impartial testimony proves that a little more than one-tenth of the marsh on Minas Basin had been dyked; they had on the South side of Cobequid many acres of dyked marsh and about 400 acres of upland cultivated, and 200 more acres cleared of intervale, while on the opposite side about forty acres of upland were cleared and nearly all the Onslow marsh. The Cobequid village below was largely improved, though only a small extent of upland had been cleared. The transport of wheat and flax to Louisburg must have been limited, on account of the difficulty of transit, but scalps torn from English men and women were more portable and worth five Louis-d'-ors each. They freely intermarried with the Abenakis and Micmacs. Their houses, (however poetical they might be made,) must have been rude and rough, and the inmates, with some few exceptions, poor, wretched, dirty and degraded, their minds uncultivated, yet harmless and moral, deeply attached to their religion because it was their fathers'. They were mere machines in the hands of others; numbering in 1755 about seventeen thousand souls.

The enthusiasm of the men who guided this people was fanned into a flame when they found

that Britain was taking active measures to colonise Acadia. That Heretics from that land which had disfranchised Catholics should settle in their beloved peninsula, perhaps overwhelm its ancient people, was a thought too galling to be borne. The loss of their own power was inevitable if the colonists were permitted to secure a permanent residence. Thus the infant settlements of Halifax, Windsor, and Annapolis were objects of their deepest ire.

The British Government perhaps regarded colonies of their own countrymen as sources of emolument, and colonists as an inferior caste; this feeling was made use of in fomenting discords. They told the neutrals that their public and private papers, deeds and records, their pictures and their altars would be taken from them. "If," said they, addressing the people from their pulpits, "your land or your labor, your timber or your food, be required for the public service, you must give it and expect no payment in return; refuse, and you will be shot, and your houses burned over your little ones."

"Better, immeasurably better," they added, "surrender your meadows to the sea, your houses to the flames, and the graves of your ancestors to the ploughshare, than take the oath of allegiance at the peril of your souls to the British Government."

The Abbe La Loutre claimed all the Acadians

as French subjects, and the Indians as allies, and narrowed Acadia to the strip between Cape St. Mary and Cape Canseau. At Paris, in 1750, the British claimed all the land east of the Penobscot, and South of the St. Lawrence, as Acadie.

Governor Cornwallis would offer no option between unconditional allegiance and the confiscation of all their property, for the highest judicial authority in the Province had pronounced them confirmed rebels and recusants.

The answer of the implacable Micmac Chief, instigated by La Loutre, to Governor Cornwallis, was: "The ground on which you sleep is mine, I sprung out of it as the grass does, I was born on it from sire to son,—it is mine forever."

His horrid atrocities compelled Cornwallis to offer ten guineas for Indian scalps.

Such were the disorders which undefined European boundaries produced in America,—such was the state of feeling between the old and the new settlers of the Acadian Peninsula, when events over which they had no control, hastened the settlement of the question of submission or non-submission to the British Government.

Peace between France and England existed under ratified treaties. But France had so encroached on ancient boundaries that before 1755 the Englishman had fled from every cabin in the rich valleys

of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio. She had her forts on each side of the lakes at Detroit, Mackinaw, at Kaskaskia and New Orleans. She owned the three principal routes which connected the valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence.

The French claimed and seemed to possess twenty twenty-fifths of the American continent, Spain four twenty-fifths, and England the remaining one. She had divided the land into seignories; quitrents were small, the laboring classes were tenants and vassals; few of them could write or read. "There was," says a celebrated historian, "neither school nor printing-press in French America."

In 1755 Britain resolved to repel these encroachments, and by occupation make good her interpretation of the Acadian boundaries. The Isthmus separating the waters of Funday and St. Lawrence, scarcely fifteen miles wide, formed the natural boundary between New France and Acadia. On it the French built two forts, one at the mouth of the Gaspereaux on the Gulf, in lat. 46° North, and the other on the Bay of Funday. In these forts the commanders of them were ignorant of the designs of either government, until an English fleet anchored in the bay and called on the forts to surrender. Captain Rous then sailed to St. John and took possession of the region east of St. Croix, and annexed it to England.

In July 1755, the news arrived at Halifax of General Braddock's defeat and death, and the council then convened, resolved that for the safety of British power in America "it had become a stern necessity to remove the French Acadians and distribute them among the other English Colonies on the continent."

It was haying time at Cobequid. Father Morlot and Ingersoll were walking from the marsh, where they had been assisting to make a hay-stack on the edge of the upland. Blandine and Rose were returning from the field with a pail of raspberries, when they met Henri and were joined by his uncle and Ingersoll.

Henri had always called Rose sister, but even a casual observer might detect in the blush which overspread her face as Blandine said, pointing in the direction of a new building, "come, see our brother Henri's house?" that a more than sisterly affection lay beneath those blushes. Rose at the moment discovered a little gosling which had strayed from its comrades, and ran to restore the wanderer.

Oh, Love! pure and true, thou art ever thus. Hidden away in a true woman's breast, as the partridge hides her young from every passer-by; the loved one known only to herself. Or as the bird which hides her nest in the grass, makes a

feint of going to it, only to turn the seeker farther from it,—so woman may jest and laugh about a lover, but let her only *love*, and the object of it is never mentioned by her. If he should chance to be the subject of her companion's remarks, she will be a silent listener. We always doubt the love of a woman who talks about her lover or his affairs.

The party proceeded to the house, which had been newly finished and contained a few articles of furniture.

Henri and Rose were to be married in a week. That week was a busy one to Blandine and her neighbors. Tables of sufficient extent to accommodate all the villagers were spread,—wooden bowls, spoons and platters, supplied the place of china and crystal; foaming kegs of home-brewed beer were prepared—piles of bread—baskets of berries, butter and eggs—meat and vegetables; large cauldrons of soup, made of fall geese, bubbled over the fires. Garlands of flowers were appropriate decorations. Flowers, fresh flowers—man in all ages and climes loves flowers; they are wreathed around the marriage altar and the tomb,—their perpetual renewing beauty whisper of resurrection and of hope.

Fond as all the Acadians were of flowers, Rose and Blandine were their most ardent lovers. They gathered them to festoon the church and to deck

the dancers' bower. The crimson tipped petals of the Mayflower were faded, but the trailing vines hung like streamers from the rafters. Acadia's wildwoods and marshes lent their beauties to deck the bower—the lily and wild rose, meadow-sweet and chrysanthemum, beside many others, were made into wreaths or tied into bouquets.

On the first of August, a little before noon, the bridal procession appeared at the chapel door,—a long line of young girls with white kerchiefs on their heads, striped skirt and sack, led the way—next, matrons, followed by the men in knit frocks, their ruddy cheeks and broad foreheads shaded by hats plaited from the brown top on the marshes, breeches fastened at the knee, stockings and moccasins completed the dress. They enter the chapel; the bridal party advance and kneel before the altar to receive from the *cure* the holy sacrament of matrimony. Silence pervaded the church, which was filled by the crowd. The long, narrow building was poorly lighted and seated; over the altar was a picture of the Madonna, by the side of it the Saviour crowned with thorns—he the man of sorrows who wept over the devoted city; was not the same compassionate eye looking down on this devoted plain in the New World—on this plain soon to be swept with a like destruction—and strengthening the heart of the humble trusting

worshipper. The ceremony over, they leave the church to receive the congratulations of their friends.

Dinner over, healths and toasts drank in foaming cups of home-brewed ale, the young folks repair to the greensward for a dance. In the tastefully decorated arbour sat blind Jean discoursing his liveliest music from an old violin. The old men sang songs or stretched themselves on the grass, watched the long shadows which betokened the coming twilight or join the laugh which ever and anon came from the merry dancers; while songs beguiled the time where a group of matrons and babies sat apart from the dancers. While the party was thus employed, Ingersoll sought the chapel. As he stood on the step watching the full moon rise he heard a low, soft strain of music, he saw through the half open door Blandine kneeling before the picture of the Virgin. It was an old hymn of St. Bernard which she vas singing.

JESUS DULCIS MEMORIA.

Jesus, thy memory sweet—
Joy of our hearts most dear,
When thou our souls greet,
Nought thus our souls can cheer.

There is no sweeter sound
More pleasing to the ear—
No thought more grateful found
Then that of Jesus dear.

The entrance of Ingersoll interrupted the singing, she joined him at the door, and they looked at the apparently happy party of dancers.

"Why did you leave them?" he asked the maiden.

"I sometimes prefer being alone," replied Blandine, "or staying with them," pointing to the pictures, "I love to sing to them the songs my mother used to sing."

"Will you let me hear you sing?" he asked her.

"I can sing 'Come to Me,'" she replied.

Man lost in doubt, ye seek in vain,
The oracles are dumb,
Finite to scan the infinite
All powerless must become.
To you I call in worldly lore,
Sore travelled, yet unblest,
From earth-born fancies come to me,
Come, I will give you rest.

Ye earnest man, who seeks in creeds
The beautiful and true,
Disputing still in jarring schools,
I cry aloud to you;
Your disputes leave, leave error's maze,
Her chains your souls oppress.
My freed-man be, come, come to me,
Come, I will give you rest.

Affliction's sons, a countless throng,
Who'll catalogue each woe,
Each pang which rends your bosom now,
I felt it long ago.

Departed joys may not come back,
Their memory shall be blessed,
Each burden shall be borne by me,
Come, I will give you rest.

As she finished the lines the Rev. Father La Loutre and the *cure* approached in search of Ingersoll to accompany the former on his visit to Pesaquid and the large villages of Minas; from the latter place he could obtain a passage to Boston.

Bidding Blandine and her good uncle a hasty farewell, they, with the turn of the tide, sailed down the bay, the agent's business being to visit all the neutrals in Acadia.

Below the mouth of the Shubenacadie they turned round a bold headland, on the smooth, steep side of which the spray was dashing. This head, formed of the inner zone which lines the Bay of Funday as the mud zone girdles it from the water's edge to the uplands, here runs out into a steep cliff. As the canoe came round the point the uplands receded very gently on the left; to the right they rose abruptly, being clothed with a splendid growth of hard and soft-wood.

They sail up to the head of the marsh on the estate of Mr. Smith. Here, on a spot of table-land, was a small settlement of Acadians; here he found the women busy pulling and spreading flax. On these new intervales flax grew to the height of

three and four feet, its petals slowly unfolding to the noonday sun and closing before evening, rivalled the blue of the summer sky. It was pulled up by root and spread in rows on a level field, each stalk not interfering with its neighbor that each might receive an equal portion of sun and dew. After the lapse of a few weeks the flax was gathered in small bundles and the seed chopped off it, and the bundles spread around a fire to dry. A break made of two wooden bars an inch thick, the upper edge shaped to a point, fitted into two similar ones above, which was lifted by a handle, the flax was laid across the lower and bruised very fine, then those handfuls were beaten or scutched with a wooden knife until the shives fall out. It is afterwards drawn across a hatchel formed of brass or iron nails driven into a board, this process frees the flax from the tow; the flax is now ready for the spinner, whilst the tow must be carded before it is fit for the wheel.

After delivering his orders La Loutre, guided by an Indian, walked across the hill to the next settlement at Stoney Brook. On this brook they had a mill, (part of the mill irons was found on the property of Mr. Sterling,) and a nice settlement on this and the adjoining marshes of Messrs. Crowe and Captain Cox.

Could La Loutre imagine as he emerged from

the magnificent forest that the Dynasty which he labored to serve should be driven not only from Acadia, but from America—that under the flag which he wished to tear down it should seek and find an asylum from French bayonets,—that under the British flag those fine forests should be converted into ships—while railroads should bear the treasures underneath these hills to the shore, there to be transported—thus bearing the name of Acadia to every land.

Soon they pass ten miles and anchor in the pretty bay of Noel. On the edges of those slopes, since cultivated by the Messrs. O'Briens, Densmores, and others, the travellers saw another people busy mowing their hay on these marshes. Only making a very short stay here they pass the point, through the narrows, and emerge in the broad and beautiful Basin of Minas. The very picturesque shore comprising Burntcoat, Walton, Tennycape and Chevirie, was then all woods. La Loutre's keen eye explored all the coves and inlets, which teemed with cod, herrings, and shad, while the bare beach, three miles in width, at low water offered inexhaustible supplies for the enriching of these uplands covered as yet to the edge of the shore with the primeval forest; opposite him was the dark wooded hills of Parsboro' and the group of islands a short distance from the mainland. No sound

broke upon the sunshiny stillness but the light dip of the paddles; to their right hand the noble basin gathers its floods, narrows into a channel, hastens its flow, and sweeps with majestic volume by the base of Cape Blomedon and Cape Split; and on the left spreads out its waters into the broad and capacious bay, which embosoms several green and sunny islets, mingles and is lost in the broad estuary of the Avon. On the west side of the bay, a creek of it bounds the eastern extremity of the fertile plain then a part of Minas, now Cornwallis. Here was the country since made famous by Longfellow in his Evangeline; here was the Grand Pre and the Gasperaux; here was the apple-trees, and here the homestead of the Acadian farmer. This region was then, as now, one of the most fertile in the Province—a great, open plain, watered by numerous small brooks and streams, bounded and sheltered on the north by a long range of mountains thickly covered with fine forest trees. Behind this mountain is the Bay of Funday, its cloak of fog, and wild, tumbling sea.

Here the travellers landed, and proceeded to the house of Rene LeBlanc, the Notary Public of the village.

The writer of Western Scenes, (we quote from the *Acadian Magazine* published seventy years afterwards,) says:

At last we break upon a boundless view
Of rivers, towns, and plains of varied hue;
Beneath our feet see endless vales extend,
And wood-clad hills with verdant honors bend,
Traced like a map, see every part defined,
Where Nature all her choicest gifts combined;
Here Horton shews her lengthened line of farms—
There north and south the mountains spread their arms,
But more the mind to gentle arts disposed,
Will love the dale by waving hills enclosed;
Such is the beauteous intervale, where flow
The calm smooth waters of the Gasperaux.
Horton can boast its orchards, which delight
The traveller who with woods has tired his sight,—
Its neat farm-houses with a jutting end—
Its pretty gardens which their graces lend
To gild and sweeten all the farmers toil,
And glad his heart with Nature's choicest spoil.
And Kentville, blest with views that court the eye—
With friends who charm the heart and check the sigh,
Its opening vistas mid the oaks are seen,
Where intervale displays its richest green.
Nor should Cornwallis here unsung remain,—
Its marshes rich, its plenty bearing plain,
Where hospitality unfolds her door,
And friendship becons to the festive floor.
Such kindness, Aylesford, gilds thy sandy plain,
Which Nature planted in a sparing vein.
Again Annapolis, thy river glides
Before me in her copions vernal tides,—
Thy farms improvement owns the laborer's hand;
And Bridgetown springs at Industry's command.
Here let me pause awhile in idle mood,
Where Heaven and Nature have made all things good.

Such was the view presented in 1827; but in 1755 the scene was pretty but different, for Time, which crumbles into dust the exquisite monuments

of art-making regal cities, dwelling places for the owls and the bats, cherishes and fosters the improvements of new ones, until the eye of the beholder is delighted with the diversified succession of hill and dale, grove, stream and river, which was previously concealed by the interminable forest. Villas, enclosed by all the surroundings which taste and opulence usually give, crown the knolls where then stood the thatched roof of the Acadian farmer.

Here, then, on the bay, from the mountain to the Avon, were the dykes, shaded by fine willows. Like all French settlements the farms were divided into long, narrow strips, projecting from the public road; owing to this plan each farmer had a convenient though narrow frontage to his property, and as the houses were built on the centre of this strip and in a line, this gave the people excellent facilities for social converse and amusements. Around the houses were planted the fruit-trees, the germ—precursor rather, of those fine apples, which for brilliancy of color and delicacy of flavor are unrivalled on this continent. Many mills were on the streams, where the people resorted for flour and news, the mill and the smithy being the natural club rooms of a primitive people.

La Loutre left the settlements of Minas, Canard, Grand Pre and the Gasperaux to be visited on his

return. As the little skiff passed near the shore the soft peal for the Angelus falls upon the ear like music from the better land, and the people repair to the churches to offer thanks, adoration and praise before commencing the labors of the harvest day. Hundreds of busy farmers are seen repairing to the fields and marshes; passing these we will accompany La Loutre to Pesaquid, or Windsor, as it was called by the English.

Here the Avon wanders through a fertile valley and discharges its waters into the eastuary. This valley is enclosed by picturesque hills which rise boldly from the marsh on the right bank; on the left is an undulating table-land, broken by abrupt cliffs of snowy gypsum. The valley, about eight miles in length, extended to the forks of the river, which rises in those lovely hills which embosom the valley on the south, and are the water-shed between the Atlantic and the bay. From the ridge where they landed was to be seen the mouth of the river St. Croix, and that bend of the Avon upon which the present town of Windsor is built. Near the embryo town rose Fort Edward, then a new and imposing structure, and at the back-ground the high hills beyond the St. Croix.

They passed up the river; Saul was pruning the magnificent willows which marked the boundary of his farm; Labrue was busy gathering his grain on

the Brue hill; every one on the long river valley was employed about his farm. At the forks, now the residence of Mr. Palmer, was settled an old Acadian; this farm was divided into twelve lots—each lot owned and settled by his children,—round each dwelling was planted twelve apple trees, the whole enclosed by one fence; this patriarchial family being only one of the many which planted the trees, built the dykes, and cleared the hills and dales of Pesaquid or Windsor.

Although the Acadians had cleared nearly as much land round the rivers as is now cleared, yet the Windsor of to-day is not the Pesaquid of a century ago. Where they landed, a new, elegant and substantial bridge spans the Avon; vessels busy loading and discharging cargoes lie at the wharves; the sound of the caulking mallet enlivens the shore; a steamer, its deck covered with passengers, comes panting to its wharf. A town has arisen, its streets thronged by a busy people, and adorned with splendid hotels, pretty churches, and other most substantial buildings; country seats looking out on lawns amid broad oaks, trembling poplars, and elegant elms; pretty cottages, where the green leaves of the vine climb on the white walls and verandas, flowers of many names and varied hues are around the doors. Fort Edward, grey, grim and old, still crowns the hill near where the train

from Halifax is whizzing and blowing off its steam. The streets are nicely shaded with trees. Here are most excellent farms and extensive orchards; here are the homesteads of many men well-known in and beyond the Province. An Episcopal church, a most venerable edifice, enclosed by a stone-wall and shaded by trees, stands about a mile from the town. A short distance opposite on a pretty ridge stands Windsor college, and near it a new, elegant, and substantial edifice, designed for a library and museum, it is in the Norman style, built of native freestone; in the gable, over the large window, is a fine niche in which is placed in bold relief a group of statuary representing Æneas carrying his father Anchises from the burning city. The old man's right arm rests on his son's shoulder,—his left encircles his household gods; his little boy clutches at his garments as if in terror of being left behind, whilst his wife, Creuse, is seen in a keeeling attitude. The sculptor has chosen the moment when Æneas is made by the Poet to say—

> My hand shall lead our little son, and you,
> My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

King's College is a wooden building, Grecian in style; it is the oldest University in British America.

The boys whom La Loutre saw playing among the buttercups on the hills and hollows, passed into

history a fraction—lost among the expatriated Acadians. Boys of another race have played here whom history is proud to record as the Heroes of Kars and Lucknow. In the museum are treasured the swords of Gen. Inglis and Sir Fenwick Williams.

On the opposite side of the river, Falmouth with its white houses, whilst all around the ornamented ground, the trim fences and shaded avenues tell their tales of wealth, taste, and superior culture.

> "Home, home, the theme of waking, sleeping dreams,
> We sigh to see our native, long-loved streams."

If the man who claimed Nova Scotia only as the place of his birth, the broad Atlantic rolling between him and his fatherland, can sigh to revisit his native streams, how the Acadians must have loved the land which for 150 years had been their cherished home, for we must remember what the Nile is to the Egyptian—the sea to the Greek—this Bay was to the Acadians.

"If a plough proper in a field arable" be the noblest escutcheon, this honor belongs to the early French Acadian fathers, bold, loyal, good-hearted men, among the foremost in discovery, civilization, and commerce, many of these devoted men by their labors honoring the name of Jesus which they bore.

From gulf to gulf, from Atlantic to Pacific they

had founded missions, carried the story of the Cross, and a new life (at least) of civilization began in the Indian,—and this was done long before a Protestant preacher had made the least effort to christianize them. Throughout North America the Indian belief in manitous or spirits inhabiting animals and protecting or cursing men was universal; the power of life or death was held by the medicine man; human sacrifices were general; other horrid vices also prevailed. They displaced (or endeavored to do so) a superstition destitute of mercy, morality, or remorse,—neither mental nor social culture being possible under its dominion. Every Missionary set out with the resolution to learn the native language; many, very many of those devoted men lived and died with the natives after having spent from thirty to fifty years in the forest.

The Catholics of Maryland in 1649 granted freedom of worship "to all who believed in Jesus Christ," thus advancing the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. Thus the Episcopalian driven from Puritan New England, or the Puritan driven from Episcopal Virginia here met to worship as he saw fit, none making him afraid.

These facts may have passed before a Jesuit looking on an Indian encampment or an Acadian

village, but the sight of a Fort Edward commanding it must have stirred in his bosom the most rancorous of human passions, when he remembered that all the new charters which William and Mary granted in the Colonies (in room of the old ones) allowed liberty of conscience "to all Christians *except Papists*," and that Catholics were disfranchised under British rule, and the penal codes increased. Maddened by this review we can see him seek the Indian wigwam and inciting the men who murder the defenceless settlers in Dartmouth and Lunenburg, or organizing more powerful bands to defend Canada and Louisburg, thus to secure an asylum for the expatriated Catholics. As he passes down the rapid streams on his perilous errand, the unexplored banks might echo the songs of the "Acadian boatmen," but the modern refrain would be more applicable—

> The despot's heel is on thy shore
> Maryland, my Maryland,
> His torch is at thy temple door,
> Maryland, my Maryland.

Let us return to Cobequid. On the second day of September 1755, the people of the village were all assisting Henri Lapierre in stumping and clearing a piece of intervale.

With the afternoon tide three vessels were seen coming up the bay; two prepared to anchor—one

opposite the village, and the other at Lower Cobequid, whilst the third one ran further up the shore. Curiosity was rife. Who were they? and whither were they going? This was still heightened by the appearance of the *cure*, who informed them hatthe following notice was posted on the door of the church:

> To the inhabitants of the village of Cobequid, and the shores, as well ancient as young men and lads, ordering them all to repair to the church the next day at three p.m., and hear what he had to say.
>
> (Signed) JOHN WINSLOW.

Meanwhile the sailors landed, and were freely supplied with milk, eggs, and anything they wanted, by the farmers. Small parties of soldiers landed, chatted with the people, examined their farms, or strolled to the uplands in search of a partridge, and in the afternoon joined the people as they repaired to the church.

The women had milked the cows, and prepared supper, but no one came from the church. Rose came to her uncle's, alarmed at Henri's absence.

"Supper," said Blandine, "is ready, they soon must be here."

The moon rose, and the sisters stole out and ran to the church which they found surrounded by soldiers, who answered their inquiries by pointing their bayonets and ordering them to go home.

They met many of the women from the houses nearest the church all anxious and sad at the detention of their friends.

At daybreak Blandine read the following notice which was stuck on the fence opposite the house :

Conequid, 4th Sept., 1755.

All officers, soldiers, and seamen employed in His Majesty's service, as well as all his subjects, of what denomination soever, are hereby notified that all cattle, viz., horses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and poultry of every kind, that was this day supposed to be vested in the French inhabitants of this Province, have become forfeited to his Majesty, whose property they now are; and every person, of what denomination soever, is to take care not to hurt, destroy, or kill, any of any kind, nor to rob orchards or gardens, or to make waste of any thing dead or alive in these districts, without special order given at my camp, the day and place to be published throughout the camp and at the village where the vessels lie.

JOHN WINSLOW,
Lieut.-Col. Commanding,

Blandine was speechless with terror,—death staring them in the face, Henri and her uncle both absent.

Meanwhile the people in the church, to the number of three hundred, were addressed by the Captain commanding the troops, who stood on a bench in the centre of the house surrounded by his officers.

Gentlemen :

I have received from His Excellency Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand ; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you His

Majesty's final resolutions to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know.

The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore without hesitation shall deliver to you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely: That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and your household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from the Province.

Thus it is peremptorily His Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am, through His Majesty's goodness directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as His Majesty's service will admit; and hope that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is His Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command: I therefore, in the King's name, declare you all his prisoners.

Three hundred men and boys found themselves close prisoners in their own church; some of the boys screamed aloud, some attempted to force the door, but were overawed by the muskets of their guards. Henri Lapierre, Bonang, and some others

were too angry and surprised for words. Day dawned at length over the wretched people; they wished to be allowed to return to their families for food; this was refused, but their families were ordered to supply food to them.

Blandine was aroused from her stupor by a soldier ordering her to send food to the church. Filling several baskets with provisions she and Rose departed on their way. Before arriving at the church they met Henri who had been allowed in company with some others to go out for the day, and to tell those that dwelt at a distance if they did not immediately surrender, their houses would be burnt and their nearest friends shot. One of the number allowed away to inform the rest, attempted to escape; he was shot, his house and barn set on fire. Thus the work of destruction was commenced.

About two hundred married women, and upwards of one hundred young women, besides children of all ages, were ordered to collect what they could of their apparel and prepare to embark. In vain the men entreated to know whither they were going, but to this no answer was given.

By noon on the fifth, the beach was piled with boxes, basket and bundles; behind them a weeping crowd of women and children, their hair escaping in wild disorder, their cheeks begrimmed with

smoke and dust and wetted with tears, their scanty skirts, draggled and muddy, clung around their shoeless feet; children crying for their mothers and mothers looking for their children; sick men and bedridden women were carried by strong maidens or tipped out of the carts which bore them to the spot; dogs barked and fought with each other, while the yoked oxen, left without drivers, started homeward running against each other, smashing the vehicles and increasing the general confusion.

A little before high water the prisoners in the church were ordered to form six deep and march to the place of embarcation; stupor seemed to have taken possession of a number of them. For the last twenty-four hours they had not eaten bread or scarcely spoken; deep groans were the only audible signs of life. But on arousing themselves to obey this last summons, nature seemed to assert her rights, and they doggedly refused to stir. The troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance on the prisoners; this act produced obedience and they commenced their march, some weeping, some praying, and some even attempting to sing hymns. But at the sight of the beach strewn with their property, and their mothers, sisters, and little ones kneeling on each side the road over which they passed, one long, loud wail of anguish went up from them, a cry as if of one man seemed the

anguish of this people, thus called in one short week to leave their relatives and friends—the home of their nativity, their fields and flocks, their churches and the graves of their forefathers forever; to be sundered, to be dispersed among strangers in a strange land—among a people whose customs, laws, language and religion were strongly opposed to their own,—poverty and captivity to be their lot: their fortitude and resignation alike failed, the sight of their tears and emotions subduing the weeping of their wives and mothers.

Supported by Blandine, with the half dead Rose by her side, lay an old woman whose son was shot for attempting to escape; when the soldiers fired the house she was dragged from the flames and carried to the shore, here the old woman, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix, drew her last sigh as the first of the mournful procession filled the boat.

The women, who all day long had been dragging stuff through the mud to the ships, were now ordered to embark. Blandine and Rose had carried their beds to the boat, but Blandine was prevented from entering by a cry that the boat was sinking: thus left until the boat's return, she helped to drag the corpse of her old friend to the grave which her daughter had dug in the burying-grounnd; she again crossed the door of her once happy home, gained her room and fainted.

Night closed on the scene of wretchedness and woe; still the work of embarkation went onward; by midnight all was on board that the officers would allow. The transport, with the men on board, had drifted to the mouth of the Avon and awaited her consort; at daybreak she was in sight and they drifted down the stream, the saddest freight which ever sailed out of the Cobequid or Funday Bay. As the vessels stood out to pass Blomedon, they were joined by another, freighted with the inhabitants of the places now called Onslow, Truro, Clifton, and Selma; what a scene presented itself to their view. Overhead, a clear blue sky; beneath, a high, smooth, calm tide spreads from bank to bank; while all around, the eye could scarcely penetrate through a mud-colored atmosphere of smoke and fog, dotted here and there with deep, lurid spots of red, through which bright columns of fire and sparks would ascend, as the torch was applied to some dwelling-house, or a light blue smoke shaft would arise to the clouds as if to carry the scene of destruction to the very footstool of Omnipotence, as the devouring element ran swiftly over some cornstack.

With a favorable wind the miserable, houseless, homeless wanderers were soon borne out of sight of the place of their nativity; night hid from their eyes, alas! forever, the blue mountain of Cobequid.

Next day the weary mourners on deck can see only sea and sky.

Henri Lapierre watched for his wife and sister as boat-load after boat-load came off from the shore, but they were not carried to the vessel in which he was. When they anchored near the Avon he stood on deck, slipped over the side unperceived, but was picked up by a boat as he attempted to swim to the other vessel; he was taken to Long Island and then put on board one of the transports which were waiting for the people of Minas. Thus poor Rose Lapierre in the first month of her wedded life, was separated from her husband and her adopted family, the most wretched in that wretched company.

When Blandine Lapierre returned to consciousness she was too weak to stand; it was some hours before she realized the full horrors of her situation. After a time she was able to crawl to the door, and there the scene which surrounded her was fearful. The first object on which her eye fell was the church, the beautiful mass house, a blackened heap of smouldering ruins, the palings which surrounded the buildings were burned, the crosses, which the hand of affection had placed around the graves, were torn down, cattle had trodden over the hallowed spot; her grave—her beloved mother's grave, was covered with half-burnt wood from the building.

She was recalled to the forlornness of her situation by her cow which came up to her asking by her lowings to be milked; she patted the dumb animal, and for the first time since she returned to consciousness she wept. "Some," says the Poet, "weep in earnest, yet they weep in vain." Not so with Blandine's tears, they refreshed and tranquilized her. A draught of warm milk and a crust was eaten, and she set out to see if she could find any one remaining in the village. Blandine took her way up the river, under the willows with stiff rough stems and huge bunchy heads which line the banks, past where the willows give place to forest trees she continued her way, but not one human being did she meet; she gained the top of the hill, the same spot where she had sat with Rose and Ingersoll. The main features of the landscape remained what they were; the stream with its clumps of alders; those dewy banks with their meadow-sweet and their buttercups; and beyond, on the edge of the forest, the new clearings.

The men of Cobequid had cleared and sown more new land this Spring than they had ever done before in one season. Some of the wheat in it was reaped and standing in stacks; some patches of oats were ripe and some were green, unstreaked by gold. Blandine had gone here in the vain hope of seeing some one, but no one was to be seen; cattle had

broken in and were eating the wheat; horses ran in droves through the fields, startled by the smoking stacks and buildings. She went towards her home, but the scene of desolation was enhanced by the shades of evening; cows and goats came up to their accustomed milking-places and lowed around the deserted dwellings; pigs yet fastened in their pens, squealed with hunger; dogs howled fearfully, and the oxen, waiting in vain for their master's hand to free them from the yoke, for they were used in moving the goods, bellowed in the agony of hunger, rage and fear, fought in the narrow road with each other until the fences giving way they ran through the marsh, there, upsetting the carts or tumbling into the ditches, death at last put an end to their sufferings; cats scampered along the fences, while pigs uprooted the gardens. Blandine sat down on the door-step; an Indian approached the house and told her to come with him. She enquired the fate of her people.

"Gone," said he, "all gone!" pointing down the bay, "the people everywhere are prisoners; see the smoke rise, they will burn all here to-night." He pointed up the bay; two or three bright fires attest the Indian's story as too true.

He assists Blandine to gather the most valuable things which were left, these, with some flour in a bag, the Indian secretes in an old cellar on the side

of a steep knoll, and leads Blandine to his wigwam near the edge of the forest; here she finds about a dozen people—the remnant left in the once happy village of Cobequid. These the Indians convey to a lake near the site of the Acadian Mines, and wait a month to see if any more stragglers can be found ere they start to convey them to their friends beyond the rule of the detested Englishman. Ere they left, Blandine stole out once more to see her late happy home; the leaf hung yellow on the tree, and the films of the grey, silky gossamer went sailing along the open glades, or spread, with mathematical correctness, their meshes in the fields or by the road-side. Two-thirds of the buildings were standing; immense flocks of crows hovered around the deserted dwellings; a sudden shower the day the buildings were fired had extinguished the flames. With a deep sigh and a heavy heart she looked her last look on the late beautiful village of Cobequid.

Over the mountains the little band set out guided by the Indians. In two days they found about twenty who had escaped from Annapolis, they informed Blandine that the houses and crops were burned by the soldiers who were despatched up the river to bring them to the ships,—some fled to the woods—some, besides their party, crossed the bay, intending to go to Miramichi. They travelled

through the woods, experiencing the most dreadful sufferings from hunger, their feet bare, but the frost was not very severe, until November, after a week's travel, they met a party who had escaped from Shepoudie; from these they learned that there about 250 buildings were burned, but while they were firing the mass house the Indians and French rallied, killed and wounded about thirty English soldiers and drove them back to their ships.

Weary, wretched and forlorn, the fugitives, guided by the faithful Indians, made their way to Miramichi; some of them returned and delivered themselves up to the Commandant at Annapolis and were permitted to remain in Nova Scotia.

Blandine remained all winter with the Indians, and in the Spring she arrived safely at Louisburg.

Henri Lapierre found himself a close prisoner on Long Island, and to his dismay and horror, saw the vessels bearing his friends gliding swiftly from his sight; he was removed on board one of the transports in the mouth of the Gasperaux; there for five days he witnessed a repetition of the heart-rending scenes of Cobequid. The men, to the number of four hundred and eighty were all this time close prisoners; these were heads of families, their sons, numbering five hundred, were drawn up six deep and marched down to the vessels; their weeping wives and daughters, in number three

hundred and thirty women, and five hundred and seventy unmarried maidens, were kneeling on each side of the way leading from the chapel to the shore, which was distant a mile. One long wail of bitter woe rent the morning as the sad procession passed along and entered the five vessels which immediately made sail and passed Blomedon, the wretched passengers totally unaware of their destination.

Next day the women and children were embarked, and these forlorn ones, separated from their fathers and husbands, presented a most melancholy and desolate picture, too sad to contemplate.

As the soldiers were apprehensive that some men might have escaped, they burned, on the lovely banks of the Gasperaux alone, six hundred and eighty-six buildings, eleven mills, and the church. Cattle to the number of nearly eight thousand, and upwards of twelve thousand other animals—horses, sheep and hogs, roamed through the fertile Pre without an owner to claim them.

This garden of Nova Scotia had not been opened up as it now is by cultivation, on the edges of the rivers they had improved the marsh and pastured their flocks in the Grand Prair, the undulating hills now richly cultivated, waving with grain and dotted with orchards, were then covered with the "forest primeval, the bearded pines and the

hemlocks." Then, as now, the river Gasperaux, steals from a little lake near to the sources of the LaHave, empties into a larger lake of its own name, flows through many a mile of hill and hollow, amid scenery of a wild grandeur and surpassing beauty, between two lofty and almost perpendicular hills it rushes through a chasm-like bed in the heart of the mountain; in this Alpine spot the sinuosities of the stream is such that from the brow of the hill it appears like a point. A zig-zag foot-path, known to the Indian, winds down this precipitous steep; here many of the wretched Acadians fled and remained till the soldiers were withdrawn. This spot, then clothed with trees did not present the indescribable beauties which it now does. The river pursued its course, the mountains and hills receded from it, resting from its previous hasty journey in a placid stream, its tortuous course was through quiet, rich, lowlying meadows, till it met the returning tide from the Avon, where the marsh and upland met, gall bushes and alders with bulrushes grew to the height of several feet, stagnant pools were around the hummocks over which thousands of congregated midges dart and dance.

Beyond the marsh and meadows is a lofty and extended mountain chain, from which the many rivers which empty into the Basin appear to have

burst, leaving a deep chasm, the chain terminated by the cloud-capped summit of the lofty cape. Smouldering ruins, enclosed by rows of currant and gooseberry bushes, by apple-trees and clumps of the never failing willows, were seen through the gloom and foggy, smoky atmosphere. Beyond lay smiling in the sunlight the wide expanse of the waters of the Basin and the Isles and blue highlands which bound the opposite shore of Minas.

This was the view which these Acadian exiles looked on with tearful eyes as the darkly wooded isles and highlands receded from their view.

Here Mr. Urban paused in his story, remarking that the night was wearing late.

"What became of Rose and Henri?" said Dr. Dermott.

"Their fortunes must be left for another evening's amusement," replied Mr. Urban.

In vain the hunters begged him to continue his story. He was inexorable.

"At least you might give us a synopsis of it."

"Oh," said he, "it includes some of the trials of the Acadians in the other Provinces whither they were dispersed, Blandine and Rose being again taken prisoners at the surrender of Louisburg to the British in 17— and the return and settlement of a remnant of them in Nova Scotia.

Next morning Mr. Urban and his friend M.

Nouvelle Ecossoi were called to bid a hasty adieu to the Moose-hunters, and also to you my country men and women through whose support this volume is now given to the public.

APPENDIX.

In a work for the public it would be invidious to notice the Pioneer of any denomination as such. Whilst the biographies of many men who labored here have been written by their particular sects, thus becoming part of our country's history, this man who came so early to the country and toiled thirty-three years in it, has been unmentioned.

The Rev. James Murdoch was born at Gillie Gordon, Donegal, Ireland, in 1746, and was educated in the University of Edinburgh. He was appointed, along with Messrs. France and Cowen, on a mission to Nova Scotia by the General Associate Synod of Scotland in 1765; at the same time he received a call from Lisburne. Messrs. F. and C. declined the mission.

Other demands being made for Mr Murdoch to labor at home, we find by the original copy of the Minute of Synod now beside us, that the Presbytery of Newtown Limavady, were enjoined by Synod "to forward all his trials for ordination with a view o said appointment and mission." These trials having been passed on the 2nd inst., at Aghadowie, a *pro re nata* meeting was held at Rye, Sept. 11th, by Rev. Robert Reed, Moderator, where he was ordained for "the Province of Nova Scotia, or any other part of the American Continent where God in his providence shall call him;" and sailed for N. S. September 1766. His destination was Amherst, but landing in Halifax, the more central situation of Horton was chosen by him, where he obtained a grant of land. From this centre of the Province he visited the Scotch-Irish settlers scattered over it, who all claimed him for their Minister, as he undoubtedly was the first Presbyterian Minister who came to the Province and remained it.

In 1768 we find Mr. M. stating that Mr. Comingo's ordination was a dernier resort, as no ministers could be obtained from

Britain or New England. About this time Mr. Lyons left the Province.

That Mr. M. visited the preaching stations extending from Fort Lawrence and including the settlers on the Basins of Cumberland and Minas regularly every year until other Ministers came to share the labors, is proved by his own manuscripts. He is said to have been an effective and accomplished preacher, a meek, humble, pious man, firm in his adherence to Presbyterianism, with a kindliness of disposition which prompted him to give rather than to amass property. His library, judging by the present list, which does not include those "lent," must have been very valuable, embracing all the current literature of the day, as well as the works of the schoolmen.

An old French soldier, who had served under the First Napoleon, was presented with the St. Helena Medal in the Poor-house in Halifax, N. S., Feb, 1860.—*Halifax paper.*

Lone, sitting at the poor-house gate,
Bent under fourscore years,
From stranger's hand his bread to take,
A son of France appears.

A boy he played on vine-clad hills
Which skirt the sunny Rhone;
In youth a conscript's place he fills
Where war's fierce eagles shone.

He saw the mad ungoverned crew
Dead Louis bear away,
Their hands in Queenly blood imbue
Like demons in their play;

Saw Europe's crowns the game of war,
Napoleon glory's hope,
E'er Josephine, his guiding star,
Fell from his horoscope.

A wanderer next on British soil,
The victor gone; the crowd

On Waterloo all sunk to rest;
A Bourbon ruled St. Cloud.

As he reviews the scenes of yore
He hears a martial trend,
And through the poor-house gates there pour
A brilliant cavalcade.

With Medal from Napoleon Third,
For years of service done,
French words his inmost soul have stirred—
"Thus France rewards her son."

And turning from their proffered hand,
French sounds still fill his ear,
He sought his room, a proud old man,
To hide the falling tear.

ERRATA

Page 33, for 1799, read, 1789; page 58, after cried, read Hosanna to the Son of David again cried; page 82, for counts, read county; page 91, last line, for hath, read have.